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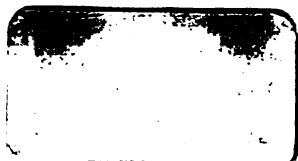
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**MISS ALICE M. LONGFELLOW,**

In behalf of the family of the late Professor  
**HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.**

Received 20 Dec. 1894.



Henry W. Longfellow.

From the author's.

1850.







ΕΟΣ







6

# A U R O R A

AND OTHER POEMS

BY MRS. <sup>Henry Roscoe</sup> H. R. SANDBACH



LONDON  
WILLIAM PICKERING

1850

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Gift of  
Miss Longfellow, Mrs. Dana,  
and Mrs. Thorp,  
20 Dec. 1894.

TO JOHN GIBSON, ESQ., R.A.

MY DEAR GIBSON,

**T**HOUGH I am aware that in dedicating these Poems to you, I attach to them an interest they could not of themselves claim, I offer them to you not from this motive, nor chiefly in the hope that their pages may reflect in however faint a degree, the light springing from your own genius; but in gratitude for your friendship and your sympathy, and with a deep feeling of appreciation for a character which has long commanded my affection and respect.

Accept them too, in remembrance of days long past, when a venerable form bent to bless you amid the shades of Allerton; and of a later time, when you recounted to me that early history, in the calm and beautiful retirement of your studio at Rome.

Ever affectionately yours,

M. S.

Hafodunos,  
February, 1850.



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What hast thou seen, oh Maiden,  
Upon this dim world, laden  
    With care and joy, and pain?  
From out its troubled surges,  
Its songs and chaunts, and dirges,  
    What, Maiden, dost thou gain?

Knowledge and wondrous learning;  
And my deep soul is burning,  
    Eager to watch the strife.  
Each new day from my portal,  
I see a struggling mortal  
    Start on the race of life;

Some rushing up the mountain,  
Some pausing at the fountain  
    To drink, and gather strength;  
The wise one, and the sad one,  
The weary and the glad one,  
    All sink to rest at length.

Men call me smiling Morning,  
And paint my beams, adorning  
    The flowery meads of May;  
Few read my spirit duly,  
And they who know me truly,  
    Speak me not blithe and gay.

The life that breathes within me  
Is solemn ; none can win me  
    To jollity or mirth ;  
Often with feeling fearful,  
And eyes not seldom tearful,  
    I watch the suffering Earth.

I hear the deep sighs bursting,  
I see the dry souls thirsting  
    For love they cannot find ;  
For hope and love, that started  
Once with the tender-hearted,  
    And left them far behind.

And the joy which they inherit,  
Who are touched with finer spirit  
    Than the many sons of clay,  
Full as briefly and as brightly,  
As the dew I scatter lightly,  
    Flies ere its noon away ;

Oft beautiful and gifted,  
And soaring high, uplifted  
    On Genius' radiant wing,—  
Keen as that thrilling gladness,  
The sharpest pang of sadness  
    Rings from the self-same string.

I hear Death's awful fiat,  
I mark the breathless quiet  
That sleeps upon the pall ;  
I see the deep grave hollowed,  
I see the black bier followed,  
I hear Love's anguished call.

I watch the foam-clad Ocean,  
Tossing in wild commotion  
The Bark upon its breast ;  
I touch the heaving billow,  
That rolls above the pillow,  
Where many take their rest.

Down in unfathomed places,  
Lie low those long-lost faces,  
That suffer a " sea change ;"  
Beyond imagination  
That beautiful mutation,  
That " something rich and strange."

Down on the panting City,  
With weariness of pity,  
My early glance I cast.  
I meet the hymn ascending,  
Of toil and grief unending,—  
Never the first, nor last !

The feet to labour going,  
The weary fingers sewing,  
    The haggard eye and frame ;  
Despair its last draught drinking,  
The homeless wanderer sinking,  
    And the bowed head of shame.

To these my soft light stealing,  
The hopeless day revealing,  
    Is but a boon unbidden ;  
Brings tears down wasted faces,  
Fresh woe in woful places,  
    And the bowed head is hidden.

I have listened to the sorrow  
That, morrow after morrow,  
    Has wrung its hands in vain ;  
I have risen to hear cursing,  
Remorse's wild rehearsing,  
    The sinner's deadly pain.

I have looked into the Prison,  
Where the convict has arisen,  
    Upon his day of death ;  
I have met the straining cry,  
Confession's agony,  
    And prayer's awe-stricken breath.

But Joy hath not departed  
From Earth. The noble hearted  
Walk on beneath mine eye ;  
In the eternal quietude  
Of duty, where no clouds intrude  
Between man and the sky.

I see the Pilgrim toiling,  
With sword and armour foiling  
The Tempter and the Lion ;  
Straight by the Palace Beautiful,  
Toils on the soldier dutiful,  
On, to the hill of Zion.

Over Earth's roughest places,  
With pale and gentle faces,  
I see fair women go ;  
While with a sweet regard  
Their steps the Angels ward,  
And light around them throw.

Some born to bliss and beauty,  
On their bright way of duty,  
With genial impulse spring ;\*

\* " Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot ;  
Who do thy work, and know it not."

*Wordsworth's Ode to Duty.*

One long glad song of sweetness,  
Tells of the spirit's meetness  
A heavenlier strain to sing.

From childhood's purest pleasure,  
Lavished in largest measure,  
Such beings glide to youth ;  
From youth to life's full glory,  
And old age calm and hoary,  
All vowed to love and truth.

My earnest soul rejoices  
To catch their happy voices,  
And blesses as it hears ;  
But there is triumph greater,  
Though coming slow, and later,  
And born of many tears ;

The triumph of the Martyr,  
Of him who will not barter  
His Soul for earthly good ;  
Whose holy heart is fixed,  
Possessed of peace unmixed,  
In its strong solitude : \*

\* " A sweet self-privacy in a right soul."

*Henry Vaughan.*

Whose faith is ever-living,  
And knoweth no misgiving  
Because it is for God ;  
For God, and in Him, wholly,  
Gazing high, kneeling lowly,  
Crowned while beneath the rod ;

The triumph of tried hearts,  
When love with duty parts,  
And weeping, goes alone ;  
When, ere their last embrace,  
Virtue stood in her place,  
And sanctified her own ;

While Passion bows before her,  
No longer to implore her,  
But to confess, and die,  
In mourning robes enshrouded,  
Prostrate in dust, and clouded  
With tears of agony.

Peace-ministering Angels  
Then fly with glad evangels,  
To meet the conquering soul ;  
In its divine foundation,  
Unshaken by temptation,  
And 'mid the wreck, still whole :

The triumph of the Patriot,  
Whose holy ardour waited not

---

For promise, nor reward ;  
But in the Senate fearless,  
And in the battle careless,  
His Country's foemen dared :

He who with great fidelity,  
With pride, and with humility,  
Trusted the good in store ;  
Preached the great advent boldly,  
And looked on caution coldly,  
And lived by faith the more :

The triumph of Love all spiritual,  
Beyond all bond and ritual,  
Even the bond of duty ;  
For where Love guides supreme,  
Right things and happy, seem  
One, in her heavenly beauty.

Then the soul follows free,  
Elastic, joyfully  
Exults, unbound, new born ;  
The task God sends is light ;  
And toil becomes delight,  
And grief no more forlorn.

Yea, such the peace and gladness,  
And glory 'mid the sadness,  
And Faith amid the fear ;



From out those troubled surges,  
And songs, and chaunts, and dirges,  
Such music do I hear.

Then the angelic Eos drooped her eyes,  
Her pale blue eyes, with heavenly tears o'erbrimmed;  
Her beauteous bosom heaved with gentle sighs,  
And a soft floating cloud her presence dimmed.  
Sweetly emerging then, and lifting up  
Those lids, upon whose fringes hung her grief,  
Into a wakening Lily's ivory cup  
She poured cool dew, and on its wavy leaf.  
Awhile the distant breeze was heard afar,  
And clearer light gleamed in the Eastern skies;  
Upon her brow grew paler the pale star,  
Fading before Apollo's bright uprise.  
"Return, return! oh Maiden pure and holy!—"  
Onward she fled away on snowy wing,  
That wafted back an air of melancholy,  
And seemed the fitting mists of thought to fling  
About the enquiring Spirit.

Now shone the Day :  
The Ocean's golden waves danced in the beam,  
And Light flew laughing on her azure way ;  
And mingling in a rich and odorous stream,  
The melodies of Heaven and Earth resounded,  
And Nature's heart with wakened gladness bounded.

---

## THE HUNTER AND DOG.

A GROUP IN MARBLE BY GIBSON.

**Y**OUTH, like the Sun, when high in his meridian  
 He has fulfilled the morn, and touches noon ;  
 Beauty, the just proportion of each part  
 Borne to the whole, the Ideal formed of Truth ;  
 Strength, not gigantic, but so finely balanced,  
 Each nervous limb developing its power ;  
 Grace, such as from consistent action comes,  
 The will and circumstance harmonious meeting ;  
 Energy, that of manhood, when the mind  
 Presses its power upon its full-seen purpose,  
 And the firm body with a quick obedience  
 Follows it bravely, and achieves its will.

So stands the youthful Hunter, marble life ;  
 In classic beauty true, and true to Nature ;  
 He, like the conqueror of the Python, looks  
 Beyond himself, on to his victory,  
 Not won, like the bright god's, but yet to come,  
 And to his eye approaching. At his feet,  
 See, eager for the chase, with muscle strained  
 Against the arm that curbs him, the keen hound  
 In sight of prey, arrested as he springs.

The man superior, stooping to control him,  
And with raised brow, and eye perceiving, pauses  
An instant on the issue. Thus he stands ;  
Repose and action centred in one point  
Of time, eventful. And the Sculptor's genius,  
Proved in the appreciation of the moment,  
As in its true embodiment, confessed,  
Unchallenged, in his great work lives for ever.

## ANTIGONE.

*(Antigone, surprised by the guards of Creon, while attempting to bury the body of her brother Polynices. A drawing by Gibson.)*

**F**OND mournful sister ! with devotion bending  
O'er the pale corse, that last long slumber tend-  
ing ;

Thy heart all warm with life and love, and he  
Wrapped in Death's passionless tranquillity !  
The arm so late with power and action bold,  
Now droops in thine, inanimate and cold ;  
The pulse that late with fiery feeling throbb'd,  
Now of its bounding life for ever robbed ;  
The limbs that hasted with impetuous pride  
To the fierce conflict where the foe defied,  
Now stretched unsepulchred, that pale decay,  
Death's haunting shadow, may demand his prey.  
But thou, oh weak in power, yet strong in love,  
Defiest the mandate. Vainly dost thou prove  
The affection, fortitude, and faith divine,  
That live in woman's heart, how rich in thine !  
Shall not the tears that dim the sister's eye,  
Ascend like incense to the courts on high ;

Aiding to expiate the brother's crime,  
The story hallowing for recording Time?

Antigone, thy vain fond hope is o'er,—  
Beautiful sister, thou may'st watch no more.  
Not o'er the loved thy wounded soul may pine,  
Not even the death-cold clay, poor boon!—is thine;  
Hark—measured steps, and yet in haste, advance,  
O'er thy devoted head the gleaming lance—  
And starting, in the frenzy of despair,  
Thou claspest still that hand—that hand, with death-  
less care.

## PENTHESILEA.

*(Penthesilea wounded, and dying in the arms of Achilles. A drawing by Gibson.)*

**H**EAR ye the clash of arms—but not of war ;  
 —The clanging music sounding from afar ?  
 Look on—behold, a glittering troop advance,  
 The virgin warriors weave their martial dance.

Penthesilea with her moon-eyed shield,  
 Queen of the throng, and bravest in the field,  
 There in proud joy, and haughty beauty, threads  
 The shining maze, and stately measure treads.

The ponderous helmet doffed, upon her brow,  
 Graced by dark waves of hair, bound firm and low,  
 Sits the small Phrygian cap with jewelled band ;  
 Less bright than eyes that look but to command.

A golden zonè her tunic vest confines ;  
 Where'er she moves, her form superior shines ;  
 A step triumphant and victorious mien,  
 An air of graceful bravery, mark the queen.

Now to suit their martial pleasure,  
 Quickly flies the changing measure ;

Glittering swords aloft are flashing,  
Sharp the ringing steel is clashing ;  
Bounding onwards, turning, meeting,  
Thus they give the fiery greeting,  
Now in shining bands they sever,  
Wildly now they rush together.

But the brazen trumpets braying,  
And the impatient war-steeds neighing,  
Call to sterner sport away—  
To council, and the battle fray.  
One echoing crash of spear and sword,  
One stately step, one haughty word,—  
The Warrior Queen commands, to arms they fly,  
For brave Achilles and the Greeks are nigh.

Behold her in the hurrying storm of battle !  
Arrows and hurtling spears around her rattle ;  
'Mid thousands ardent for the thick'ning fight,  
She with her crescent shield, and circlet bright,  
Leads on her furious host, defies the foe,  
And deals with axe in hand, th' unerring blow ;  
No more a woman, save in name and face,  
The haughty champion of a loveless race.

Now gleams upon the field the setting sun,  
Where hand to hand with Thetis' warlike son  
Penthesilea strives. Ye gods ! how bright  
Flashed sword and eye along that hard run fight !

She urged with rapid words her snorting steed,  
To put his generous courage on the need ;  
Her dexterous effort, her perception keen,  
Were power to her, stern strength had never been ;  
Her firm light form bent beneath parried blow,  
And rose elastic as the well-strung bow ;  
Her white arms, raised to poise the shining lance,  
Quick as the storm's wild light, retreat, advance.  
A worthy foe ! Achilles proudly cried,—  
The word with deafening shout flew far and wide.  
A worthy foe ! this is no martial play,  
In shame or glory dies this parting day !  
He roused his god-like strength, struck home, she  
reeled,  
And from her grasp dropped down her moon-eyed  
shield.  
Fainting she fell ; and falling, was revealed  
The living beauty war's dark cloak concealed.  
Achilles sprang to earth. With eager care  
He raised the stricken form, so pale, so fair ;  
Unclasped the helmet, sought the wound to bind,  
And bared her bosom to the fanning wind.  
Within his breast the fire of conquest died,  
And proud Achilles gazed in pain, and sighed ;  
“ Oh brave and bright one ! would this hand had  
failed :  
For once its fault my happier heart had hailed ! ”  
In vain he mourned. From his supporting arms



Drooped the young form, once rich in strength and  
                  charms ;

Now changing, fading,—till in death she slept ;

Then bent the warrior's head, Achilles wept.

## THE HOURS

LEADING FORTH THE HORSES FOR THE CHARIOT OF  
THE SUN.

*A basso-relievo in marble by Gibson.*

**N**OW the bright steeds on Heaven's unpaven floor  
With airy footing paw the amber light;  
Fanned by the wings that bear the glowing Hours  
Serene in sunlit ether. Serving Him,  
Lord of their dear obedience, forth they lead  
The fiery coursers for his radiant car,  
The Sun's bright chariot. To the hand of beauty  
Bends the proud might of strength, and keen impa-  
tience  
Curbs its intense desire. Oh union rich  
Of power and grace, for God's great world united!  
Means beautiful to ends triumphant! soon,  
Along the path which first Aurora traced,  
Shall fly the King of day, clad round with glory,  
Joy-breathing, and life-giving; journeying on,  
Blessing the grateful earth with loving eyes,  
Till casting off his burning robes of light,  
He lets the purple draperies of the Eve  
Fall on his crimson couch.

## ON THE STATUE OF HUSKISSON.\*

OVER Time and Death's dominion,  
 Is a glorious victory won ;  
 And in living light before us,  
 Stands a lost and honoured one.

Love and Genius, powers immortal,  
 Breathed the wish and wrought the deed ;  
 Genius, touched with fire ethereal,  
 Wrought the work that Love decreed.

In the prime of manly vigour,  
 Firm in thoughtful majesty,  
 Animate with mental purpose,  
 And in action graceful, free ;

While the sentiment, unuttered,  
 Seems to light the speaking face ;  
 And the energy of feeling,  
 Dwells in each expressive trace :

\* Executed in Rome by Gibson, under the eye of Mrs. Huskisson.

Thus behold the marble image ;  
Thus in eloquent repose,  
At the touch of Love and Genius,  
All the life-like form arose.

Such a form, that the pure spirit  
From the skies might deign to look,  
Nor reject the lasting semblance,  
That the mortal features took.

To the wondering eye of thousands,  
Nobly great, the statesman stands,  
And the fame of his appearing,  
Flies afar to distant lands.

“Under his wings shalt thou trust.”—*Psalm 91st.*

*A drawing by Gibson.*

**F**ATHER, to thee I turn and cry,  
Oppressed with sin and grief;  
From the world's chilling air I fly,  
Of thee to ask relief.

My soul would rest on thee, oh God!  
Would shroud itself in thee;  
Dark is the path my feet have trod;  
Pity and pardon me!

I had no staff on which to lean,  
No hand to guide aright;  
Lonely and sad my life has been,—  
Oh give me of thy light!

My God, I am a bruised reed,  
A torn and bleeding heart;  
I come to thee in deepest need,  
O take my mournful part!

Hide, hide thy stricken child of dust,  
In thee let me repose;

My anguished, breaking spirit yet  
No consolation knows.

Oh tender Father ! on thy breast  
With penitential tears,  
I come to seek a holy rest,  
A shelter from my fears.

But Thou art just !—oh dare I come ?  
Lord, turn not thou away—  
Take the poor erring wanderer home,  
Never again to stray.

Oh merciful ! I meet thine eyes—  
Thine arms outstretched to save ;  
I feel my sinking soul arise  
Out of the whelming wave.

The angel of thy presence here,  
Folds me beneath his wing ;  
And sheds on me the holy tear  
Of his pure pitying.

Earth's beating storms for me are past—  
Upon his breast I lay  
My weary head. And peace at last,  
Breaks o'er my darkened day.

## THE SHADOW OF THE FUTURE.

“What Angel wakes me from my flowery bed?”  
*Midsummer-night's Dream.*

**I**T was the hour when wearied day  
 Sighs softly to the waiting West,  
 And evening, from those purple caves,  
 Comes with the star upon her breast;  
 And melts the beams of golden light  
 Lingering to meet her placid eye,  
 In chaster rays, benignly calm,  
 To grace her holy ministry.

And silent on the forest glades,  
 Creep the long shadows; and beyond  
 Where the thick branches meet, entwined  
 In ancient friendship's closest bond,—  
 There the mild darkness speaks of night,  
 Like Age, that dies ere Death is come,  
 Breathing awhile a shadowed life,  
 Then sinking to the darker tomb.

This hour, and there, where flowery turf  
 Receives through slenderer boughs the light,  
 A floor to tempt a Dryad's foot,  
 Or lure the sport of sylvan sprite;

Two beings in the morn of life,  
    Stood hand in hand, and face to face ;  
And never youth, and hope, and love,  
    Were shrined in forms of fairer grace.

Not cherished at one household hearth,  
    Not dreaming in one cradle bed,  
But far apart in different climes,  
    The infant years of each were led ;  
He, in the glowing East was born,  
    Was clasped upon a jewell'd breast,  
And fragrant airs around him breathed,  
    And fan-like Palm waved o'er his rest.

She, the fair child of milder skies,  
    A Psyche, ere her angel years ;  
With star-like eyes that looked on earth,  
    Trembling full oft in happy tears.  
Both with the ardent passionate soul  
    Of love within, and joy without ;  
In childhood yet,—but childhood, like  
    The Sun, before his strength is out.

In the young spring-time first they met ;  
    Nature's new lover, Autumn, now  
With his warm finger touched her robe,  
    Entreating her in whispers low.  
But time, to Claud and Clarabel



Was nothing, for the days were years,  
And years would be but fleeting days—  
So life unto the loved appears.

Sudden they speak. “ Home !—where is home ? ”  
She laughed, and looked into his face.  
“ Who finds it first ? ” with ringing glee,  
They rushed away, a flying race ;  
Bounding across the open sward,  
Flitting between the grey old trees ;  
And down the dim-lit forest aisles,  
Meeting the pleasant evening breeze.

“ Further and further yet ! ” she cried,  
All breathless, when the race was run ;  
“ See, Claud, the falling dew of night,  
And the last rays of parting sun ;  
Oh weary I with this day’s pleasure !  
I’ll lay me down, and rest me well— ”  
“ Beneath this oak I’ll make thy pillow  
Upon my bosom, Clarabel.”

And gladly they reposed, and tranquil ;  
The laughter light, and silver tone  
Of murmuring joy, grew still and stiller,  
Until the gentle sound was gone.  
The forest lay in solemn silence ;  
Slumbering Earth had closed her eyes ;

And great calm fell, as if the angels  
Were sleeping in the shadowy skies.

Soft breathed young Claud and Clarabel ;  
And proudly did the old oak tree  
Over the lovely sleepers bend,  
To shelter them, lest harm should be.  
And none come near, but Fairies good,  
With honest hearts, and friendly eyes,  
To charm the vapours of the night,  
And hold their wholesome revelries.

Lo ! an awakening wind,  
Quick, cool and light,  
Silent descending, touched  
Each forehead white.  
Uprose from sylvan bed  
And dreaming bliss, .  
They who had never dreamed  
Such dream as this.  
There, stood an unknown form  
Before their gaze ;  
No terror felt they,  
But a glad amaze.  
In silken flutters stirred  
Th' enfolding purple dress ;  
Around the brow was bound  
The waving golden tress.

Beamed on their questioning souls,  
The eye's benignant fire,  
Giving an utterance sweet  
To pure desire.  
Light was the sandalled foot,  
As if its airy bound,  
Touched for a moment's space  
The unaccustom'd ground.

Beckoning, the figure turned and fled—  
They, quick perceiving, followed on  
Down the dark mazes of the wood,  
Through tangled brake, where path was none.  
Constrained, they questioned not the call,  
Those eyes turned not, to watch their way ;  
They knew their following presence felt,  
And unresisting, they obey.

And soon a clearer space is won,  
A wide green plain and open sky,—  
Still further on, the plain broke off  
Abruptly, and the mountains high  
Stood glorious in the blushing hue  
Of coming morn, and there was light,  
Light such as broke o'er Eden's bowers  
When Eve, melodious, hailed the sight.

Here paused the guide, and upward looked ;  
The gentle eyes of youth and love,

Expectant, wondering, filled with faith,  
Tracing the movement, gazed above.  
They only saw the morning star  
Fading, in pallid beauty die ;  
But still the steadfast glance, unmoved,  
Led theirs to gaze, they knew not why.

Foreboding awe came creeping on—  
Enchaining, pressing,—like the calm  
Before great storms, or ere from Earth  
And silence, rose the primal psalm :  
While slowly o'er the solemn hill,  
A giant mass moved darkly on ;—  
And Clarabel she crossed herself,  
Herself, and him she leaned upon.

Shapeless and spectral, it approached ;  
Now it stood forth, a human form,  
His cloudy mantle sweeping down,  
Plucked from the shoulders of the Storm ;  
And the great arms extending, spread  
The dusky covering far and wide,  
And skies had lent their showery gray,  
Wherewith the awful face to hide.

And the great shadow that was cast  
Lay heavy on the sloping hill ;  
And towards it, moving silently  
A vision came—more wondrous still !

Near and more near—ah, shield us, heaven !  
Two forms of light were seen to glide ;  
And Claud and Clarabel beheld  
Themselves—and knelt down, side by side.

Themselves—each other—they behold,  
Wrapped in their own most sweet embrace,  
With onward motion, lovingly,  
And rapture in each speaking face,  
They tread the rosy-tinted earth,  
As though unconscious of the gloom ;  
And now on its dark verge they step,  
And now are lost—as in a tomb.

Oh fearful moment—what betides ?  
On each mute lip the question hung—  
Till the vast shape, mysteriously  
Drew in the shadow that it flung,  
And vanished as it strangely came—  
Revealing, when its shade was gone,  
Unto the eyes of love and fear,  
One figure,—weeping, and alone.

Following the Phantom's silent tread,  
It passed unrecognised, away ;  
Or his, or hers, that lonely form,  
No eye had seen—no tongue might say.  
She bowed her head upon his breast,

While both in wondering fear were bound ;  
And then a voice seraphic filled  
The quivering, listening air around.

The Angel spoke : Oh fear ye not !  
Nor from your virgin souls cast down  
The garments white of love and joy,  
Nor from youth's brow the jewelled crown.  
Stand up rejoicing in your bliss,  
Hold fast in faith your glorious dower,  
Walk on in God's supporting sight,  
For His the gifts, and His the power.  
Within your dreaming vision, oft  
The shadow of the Future years  
Athwart may pass, but heed it not,  
Look up, and lose in light your fears !

Uprose with dazzling front  
The mighty Lord of light,  
The worshipful great Sun,  
Above the mountain height.  
Around the angel form  
Fell his effulgent ray,  
And wrapped within the beams,  
Silent, it floats away.  
One moment ere 'twas gone,  
The purple robe was seen,  
Light-shadowed, waving through

The mist of golden sheen.  
And Clarabel awakes,  
And sees, from Claud's warm breast,  
Only the oak tree boughs  
Bending above their rest.

## SONNETS.

## I.

**O**H who art Thou, that visitest my dream,  
 On Earth alighting from ambrosial cloud;  
 Whose lofty brow significant doth seem  
 Of inward light, whose step is firm and proud?  
 Thou, from whose spiritual eye a living beam  
 Shoots up, as though it sought, through misty  
 shroud.

That hides clear Heaven, the source of light supreme  
 Before thy presence all my soul is bowed!  
 Oh who art thou? I see thy strong bright wings,  
 Bright as a Seraph's; strong, to bear thee high,  
 Even to the dwelling of the King of Kings.  
 "I am that Spirit by whose heaven-taught eye  
 Blind Milton saw great light, and sang of things  
 Immortal, in immortal minstrelsy."



## II.

**N**OW, holy muse ! bow down thine head and  
mourn,

And on the willow hang thy silent lyre ;  
Entwine with cypress wreath the funeral Urn,

Mourn for the virtuous son of noble sire !  
Weep, for to us he never shall return :

Fled is that gentle heart, that soul of fire,  
That erst with love of thee was wont to burn,  
And to thy pure and lofty strains aspire.

Weep, holy muse ! for he is dead, who gave  
Thy glorious inspirations life and breath,  
Till his sweet voice was hushed within the grave.  
Spread thy soft wings above the dream of death,

And brood o'er that deep ocean's silent wave,  
And listen what the great Redeemer saith.

## III.

## TO A PICTURE.

**T**RIED servant of the Lord, and faithful found,  
Bright gold, from earthly dross all purified ;  
Angel white-robed, walking celestial ground ;  
Fair soul, by tribulation sanctified—  
Loving obedient heart, to duty bound,  
Patient disciple, true to heavenly guide ;  
Steadfast in hope, by consummation crowned,  
In the unseen world, where all the saints abide ;  
Thy pictured image meets my seeking eye,  
With each new morn ; and when the dews of sleep  
Fall on my nightly pillow. When I die  
Oh calmly thus thy silent vigil keep !  
And fold me, mother, in thy fond embrace,  
When next I meet thee, Angel, face to face.

## IV.

TO W. C. R.

**C**HILDREN of loving brothers, thou and I;  
And with joined hands, and reverential heart,  
Here stand we pledged to hold in constancy  
That love, and never from its light depart.  
Stamp'd with the seal of sure Eternity  
In Heaven, that claimeth their immortal part,  
Lives their dear love, "in sweet society,"  
Perfect and holy, from our Earth apart.  
And we below, with upward glancing eyes,  
Seeking their benediction from above,  
Would fain in pure affection heavenward rise;  
That when at length our unbound souls remove  
From this dark prison to the freer skies,  
Their voices blest may hail our faithful love.

## V.

**O**N whom, oh Wordsworth! shall thy mantle fall  
When He, whom thou hast served, shall call  
thee hence?

Thee, Nature's great high-priest, who utterest all  
The breathings of her high intelligence?  
Who shall stand listening in her verdant fields  
With understanding ear, and teach in song  
The holy joy her sweet communion yields,  
How man may find it as he walks along?  
And who shall call, with strong and cheerful voice,  
The spirit of beauty from the humblest thing,  
As from the loftiest? bid our souls rejoice  
Like thine own skylark on his mounting wings?  
Save with sweet Nature, where thy spirit wrought,  
Where shall we find thy music, and thy thought?

## VI.

**I** SAW the tender sorrow in thine eye,  
For love and loss of one, most justly dear ;  
And silence deep of sacred sympathy,  
Hushed every answer but the answering tear.  
Yet did unuttered thoughts within me move ;  
And thus : it is the breath of her sweet soul,  
Leaving “ the silver bowers ” the Angels love,  
That bends thy spirit to her pure controul,  
Troubling its depths serene ; and as of yore,  
The holy influence from on high descending,  
A gift of healing to the waters bore,—  
So now a heavenly mind with thine is blending :  
Obedient to the solemn impulse, mourn ;  
From virtuous grief a strength divine is born.

## VII.

" God's Saints are shining lights.  
They are indeed our pillar fires  
Seen as we go ;  
They are that city's shining spires,  
We travel to."

*Henry Vaughan.*

**G**UIDE us, ye spirits of the just departed,  
Through the same hallowed power that led ye  
forth  
Along straight paths, humble and constant-hearted,  
Unto the gracious Heaven that owned your worth !  
Though from your visible communion parted,  
We wait in patience our immortal birth,  
On, to the goal for which our feet have started,  
Guide us, sustain us, while we toil on Earth.  
Strong is your power to succour and to guard,  
Endowed, as now ye are, with Angels' might,  
Aid us to good, and evil from us ward !  
Blest Agents in the hands of Heaven, oh light  
Our souls with bright encouragement, regard  
Our prayer with love, and lead our steps aright.

## VIII.

TO A PORTRAIT OF MRS. SOMERVILLE.

**A** PLEASANT picture! yes, truth in the touch,  
Discernment in the feeling. We behold her  
Thoughtful and calm, and gently-minded; such  
The faithful artist hand has truly told her.  
So far—so only. Oh rare woman! thee  
Should Lionardo with his wondrous eye,  
That looked like thine into the stars, to see  
Their glory and their purpose, worthily  
Have pictured to the gaze of ages. Thee,  
Should Michael Angelo in marble forms,  
White, pure, and strong, have sculptured lastingly,  
Safe from the touch of time whose hand deforms.  
Yet on the unopened page of future fame,  
Is drawn thine image, and inscribed thy name.

ON READING THE LIFE OF  
DR. ARNOLD.

“ \* \* his mute dust  
I honour, and his living worth ;  
A man more pure and bold and just,  
Was never born into the earth.”

*Tennyson.*

STAND in your glorious beauty clear before me,  
Soul of the christian man ; let me behold  
In all its fair proportions that pure temple,  
Meet for the living presence of the Lord.  
Stand forth, and let me see, with reverent eyes,  
How it is built, that I may imitate ;  
How blends its dignity with meekness ; faith,  
Humbly believing through mysterious darkness,  
With Hope aspiring, and for ever bright :  
How Charity, the universal Love,  
Holds her high place in the stern strife with evil,  
And gentleness sits on the lips of Truth,  
Nor mars their power ; how social gladness dwells  
With solemn piety ; how this whole fabric,  
Consecrate to humanity's best service,  
Stands 'mid the haunts of men, yet undefiled,  
True to itself, to Nature, and to God.



## THE MAID OF GIBEON.

Gibeon was a great city, as one of the royal cities, and all the men thereof were mighty.—*Joshua x. 2.*

### I.

ON Hermon's hill the sunset gleamed  
In fiery rays of gold and red,  
Where Adriel, son of Amram, stood,  
And lifted up his voice, and said :

### II.

Azreel, to whom I speak ! thou seest  
Yon parting sun,—it strikes my soul  
Like fiery spear, and writes again  
The burning words on memory's scroll.

### III.

But higher in his lordly prime,  
He rode that day of wrath and fear,  
When 'mid the indignant heaven he paused,  
The mandate of its King to hear.

## IV.

Oh Lord of Israel! Lord of hosts!  
I meet thy glory on the gleam,  
And rising on its flashing wings  
I seek my manhood's wondrous dream.

## V.

I seek, I seek Adora's face!  
Adora's face, and golden hair;  
Within those gates of light she passed:  
Filled with her faith I meet her there.

## VI.

Azreel, my son! ere I depart,  
I give unto thine ear the tale;  
Here, upon Hermon's dewy mount,  
Ere mortal memory's strength shall fail.

## VII.

My boyhood's warlike spirit rose  
In answer to the trumpet's call;  
I served the King of Hebron, keen  
For Canaan's gods to fight or fall.

## VIII.

The kingly standards floated high,  
As forth in valorous might we trod,  
Hasting to meet on Gibeon's hill,  
The champion hosts of Israel's God.

## IX.

There dwelt the doomed, and justly doomed  
To toil and pain, for deed of sin ;  
They who had sought by vain device,  
A poor inglorious peace to win.

## X.

Yet were there, in those royal halls,  
Princes in heart, men of the Lord ;  
Who bore the curse in deepest woe,  
And yearned for Him to draw the sword.

## XI.

The sword they never more should draw—  
The mighty men their arms laid down ;  
Powerless to smite though foes surprised,  
And hostile Kings encamped around.

## XII.

And such was Ephraim. He had seen  
The Lord's fierce wrath on Judah poured ;  
Had seen the desolating doom  
Of Ai fall, at Joshua's word.

## XIII.

He dwelt in Gibeon with his child,  
His only one, a maiden fair ;  
The noble child of noble sire,  
With sandall'd feet, and jewelled hair.

## XIV.

I saw her bow her beauteous head,  
And low, at his beloved feet,  
Crave that her daily task might be  
The labour, for his age unmeet;

## XV.

That she might spend in servile toil  
For him, her youth's expanding power;  
It should be labour sweet, sweet rest  
Await her at the evening hour,

## XVI.

When on the Fountain's marble ledge  
The pitcher stands and fills apace;  
The bearer's breath is deeply drawn,  
And shadows bless the resting place.\*

\* "There is no subject of street ornament so wisely chosen as the Fountain, where it is a Fountain of use; for it is just there that perhaps the happiest pause takes place in the labour of the day; when the pitcher is rested on the edge of it, and the breath of the bearer is drawn deeply, and the hair swept off the fore-head, and the uprightness of the form declined against the marble ledge; and the sound of the kind word or light laugh, mingles with the trickle of the falling water, heard shriller and shriller as the pitcher fills. What pause is so sweet as that, so full of the depth of ancient days, so filled with the calm of pastoral solitude?" — *Ruskin's Seven Lamps of Architecture*.

## XVII.

So it should be for her. Then he  
Lift up his voice, and sorely wept,  
In joy and grief, and weary pain,  
For he the bondman's law had kept.

## XVIII.

With joy he wept, because his child,  
The Lamb that in his bosom lay,  
Loved him with such a pitying love,  
And bore his burden on the way.

## XIX.

At eventide I stood beneath  
The Palm-tree's shade, and she was there ;  
With the hewn wood and water sweet,  
Which she to Israel's camp must bear.

## XX.

I heard her sing a song of praise  
To Joshua's God, and then she rose ;  
Nor longer stayed, nor slacked her hand,  
Her part to bear in Gibeon's woes.

## XXI.

I saw her white veil's floating folds  
Fall o'er the rugged task, nor soil  
Their whiteness ; like unto her soul :  
Oh noble maid, and noble toil !

## XXII.

Again we met at Eventide,  
When poured the sun his purple rays ;  
And like an Angel by the fount,  
Again she sang her song of praise.

## XXIII.

I sought to aid her work—but she  
From Canaan's soldier proudly turned ;  
And in her dark averted eyes,  
A holy indignation burned.

## XXIV.

Again and yet again, we met ;  
Till there was sadness in her look,  
And till with slow and languid steps  
Her way to Israel's camp she took.

## XXV.

And then once more I prayed, and she  
In silence gave serene assent ;  
And on the hot and weary earth,  
Her drooping, grief-ful glance she bent.

## XXVI.

But when I spake of Joshua's host,  
Of Israel's God, of Judah's might,  
Then raised the maid her noble head,  
And flashed those eyes' unconquered light :.

## XXVII.

“ Oh men of Hebron, sheath your swords !  
When God doth rise, the mighty fear ;  
He counts the darts as stubble, He  
Laughs at the shaking of the spear.

## XXVIII.

“ Who shall prevent the Lord ? He reigns  
King o’er the haughty sons of pride ;  
The King of Kings, whose holy wrath  
Swift on the whirlwind’s blast shall ride.

## XXIX.

“ Believe ye not ? oh shield ye then !  
Cry to the sheltering rocks to fall,  
Cry to the Hills to cover ye,  
Ere the dark hour of doom befall.”

## XXX.

She fixed on mine those glittering eyes,  
Filled with high hopes, and warning fears ;  
She clasped her earnest hands, and down  
Her whitened cheek, rushed sudden tears.

## XXXI.

And she besought me with those tears,  
Tears wrung by love from proud despair,  
To look unto her God, and kneel  
And lift my voice to Him in prayer.

## XXXII.

One moment, shook my tempted soul ;  
One moment, bowed I at her feet—  
One moment, kissed her garment's hem,  
Idolater ! with lips unmeet !

## XXXIII.

Then spoke I,—“ Noble maiden, hear,  
Hear, oh beloved and beauteous maid !  
Thy warning shall not shake my faith  
Nor make my soldier's heart afraid.

## XXXIV.

“ See, gathering there, on Gibeon's hill  
The might of Canaan's proud array ;  
The costly robes of Shinar gleam  
Bright as the pomp of Victory's day.

## XXXV.

“ We must the doom of Kings avenge,  
From Joshua's hand pluck out the spear ;  
And smite bold Israel's daring bands,  
And then the appeased Gods shall hear ;

## XXXVI.

“ Shall hear and answer.” “ Now we part,”  
With solemn voice the maiden said,  
And kneeling, rent her purple robe,  
And threw the dust upon her head.



## XXXVII.

Again at eve I stood, alone  
Beneath the Palm-tree's silent shade ;  
And saw, as now, on Gibeon's hill,  
The dying tints of sunset fade.

## XXXVIII.

Adora's voice was heard no more ;  
But on the stillness broke a cry—  
It thrilled along the solemn air,  
The trumpet's blast, the battle cry.

## XXXIX.

I rushed to join the hosts of war ;  
And fierce the tide of battle ran,  
And deep and dark along the strife,  
Poured the red blood of Canaan.

## XL.

Clothed in the armour of the Lord  
The mighty men of valour fought ;  
Powerless before the inspired Troop,  
No more the foes of Gibeon wrought.

## XLI.

The remnant fled : should Adriel fly ?  
Adriel, for whom Adora prayed ?  
I turned to throw me on my sword—  
When sudden was my purpose stayed.

## XLII.

“ Hold, Adriel, hold, and succour me !”  
Thus burst a shriek upon mine ear—  
Adora in the spoiler’s grasp—  
I sprang to meet his threat’ning spear.

## XLIII.

I tore her from his cursed arms,  
I stretched him at Adora’s feet ;  
I caught her to my sheltering breast,  
For storm and danger round us beat.

## XLIV.

With silent lips and throbbing heart  
I bore her down the death-strewn hill,  
And reached the Fountain’s sacred bound  
Amid the tumult safe and still.

## XLV.

Away, by Israel’s host pursued,  
The smitten bands of Canaan fled ;  
And through the skies’ portentous gloom  
Showed the proud sun his fiery head.

## XLVI.

And from his presence rolled the storm,  
The storm of Heaven that wrought with men,  
And noonday’s glowing beauty poured  
Its tide of splendour down again.

## XLVII.

“ And where is now,” Adora cried,  
With kindling glance and form elate,  
“ Where is the pride of warrior Kings,  
Their boasted might and high estate ?

## XLVIII.

“ The Lord hath passed. The flying clouds  
The dust of his great footsteps were :  
The Lord hath passed,—and Victory stands  
Triumphant on the cleansed air !”

## XLIX.

To Gibeon’s towers she stretched her arms,  
And solemn tears of joy and praise  
Burst plenteous from her thankful eyes,  
And veiled the fervour of her gaze.

## L.

We communed long. Azreel ! to me  
It seemed as though a world of light  
Uncovered by her angel hand  
Rose up before my new-born sight.

## LI.

We communed long. Mine ear, entranced,  
My smitten mind, drank in each word ;  
No note we took of time that fled,  
Nor sound of dying tumult heard.

## LII.

When lo ! with wonder-stricken look  
Adora started from my side ;  
“ Adriel ! behold the time hath passed,  
Where is the hour of eventide ? ”

## LIII.

In breathless awe we paused, and watched,  
While Day's bright banner hung unfurled ;  
And smothered silence heaved around,  
Like the hushed whisper of a world.

## LIV.

And gathering thousands thronged the plains,  
The hills and plains, with noiseless tread ;  
Some stared with upturned faces, dumb ;  
And some lay down among the dead.

## LV.

One man alone, undaunted stood,  
In his right hand stretched out the spear,  
His sunlit face shone calm and pale ;  
He stood the will of God to hear.

## LVI.

Through those long hours, o'erladen with light,  
On Heaven's unerring dial lost,  
How ached the weary sight, how burned  
Hot fires of thought, in tumult tost !

## LVII.

In silence meek, Adora stood ;  
Around her gleamed the still, bright air ;  
Her arms were folded on her breast,  
Her upward gaze was filled with prayer.

## LVIII.

Then spake I thus, beseeching : “ Turn,  
Turn unto me, oh holy maid !  
Now is mine idol faith o’erthrown  
And down in dust its fragment laid !

## LIX.

“ With thee to Israel’s God I give  
All praise and worship.” Then a sigh,  
A fluttering sigh, burst from her heart,  
And from her lips a sudden cry.

## LX.

And rapture, for her earthly frame  
Too mighty, shook its every nerve ;  
Beneath the straining high-wrought sense  
The mortal life began to swerve.

## LXI.

I saw the heavenly meaning leave  
The marble brow, the lip, the eye,—  
Then she unfolded her white arms,  
And on the earth she sunk to die.

LXII.

I covered with its snowy robe  
Of many folds, her virgin form ;  
The robe, meet emblem of her soul,  
That passed unsoiled through war and storm.

LXIII.

She died in ecstasy of awe,  
Of solemn praise, of bliss too bright ;  
And while I kept the death-watch there  
The Lord vouchsafed the shade of night.

## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF KING DAVID.

## SCENE I.

(SAUL, on a Couch, his javelin beside him. Shouts and music without.)

SAUL. [*Starts up.*]

WHAT ho ! my guards, whence come these  
shouts and tumults  
That rudely break my slumbers ?

*Enter* GUARD.

May it please  
My lord the King, David returns victorious.

SAUL.

Enough. The clamour irks me. [*Exit Guard.*  
David returns victorious ! oh my soul,  
Again the maddening poison enters in,  
And does its fearful work. Victorious ? yes !  
He leads devoted followers. From his lips  
They wait command, obedient. In his steps  
They tread confiding and rejoicing. Me,  
Even me, his King, he would subdue. He comes !  
Loud the triumphant music ! and the hearts,  
My people's hearts, shout welcome as he comes !  
And am not I the barrier that opposes

His further step, on to the Throne? Hah, youth!  
Even now your hopes behold me prostrate. Up!  
My life, my Kingdom, let this arm preserve ye.

[*Starts on, then pauses.*]

He, the boy archer? he who tended flocks  
Harmless on Bethlehem's plains—whose harp melodious

Drowned the dark whispers of my evil spirit!  
The blue-eyed youngest born—the stripling soldier—  
David, the son of Jesse—rival Saul!  
Scorn on the thought! stay, my too eager wrath:  
Saul, King of Israel fears not.

## SCENE II.

MICHAL, *and* DAVID, *who enters.*

MICHAL.

My lord and husband, hail! oh thrice beloved,  
Since the dark rumours reached my jealous ear  
Of danger threatening thee.

DAVID.

What, does thy heart  
Tremble, because thy Father's hate is keen  
And he doth persecute my soul to take it?  
Thy woman's heart—string its weak nerves anew.  
Daughter of Saul, a warrior's wife thou art.



MICHAL.

I know it, and I fear not.

DAVID.

I am come

Now from the royal presence, by the power  
Of Judah's God, unscathed. In the King's soul  
Had stirred the deathless demon of unrest  
That oft the lulling music of my harp  
Had laid awhile, but not this day. He listened  
Sullen, distraught; rose from his regal chair,  
And paced the chamber; clenched his shining javelin;  
And as the softest chords their climax reached  
Of soothing melody, he hurled the weapon  
With vengeful aim. But I quick rushing by,  
It smote the wall.

MICHAL.

Praise to the God of Israel!

DAVID.

Praise the Lord!

'Tis He hath snatched the Victory from Vengeance,  
Upholding his anointed.

MICHAL.

Ah, my Father!

Time was when gentle words, and harping sweet  
Calmed the vexed tide of Passion in his soul;  
When 'mid its stormy torrent there was that  
That heard and answered music. Now, more fierce,  
And madly blind, it holdeth him in thrall.

Oh who shall chain the tyrant, the dark spirit,  
The demon monarch of the troubled world  
That pants within him? David! I have heard  
There is a curse upon him. Now it worketh!  
There was a time, when by the man of God  
The hoary bearded Prophet, he received  
Command from the Almighty, full command,  
Command, without appeal, awful decree;  
And he obeyed in part. He dared to hold,  
And cry it was enough, while there was left  
An unaccomplished fragment of God's will  
Which yet remained to do. Then back returned  
The Prophet, sternly sorrowing. He denounced  
The judgment of the Lord, upon the King  
Of Israel. I have heard, that from that hour  
The glory of his peace departed from him;  
The high serene of majesty no more  
Looked from his brow and eyes. There came a dul-  
ness,

And then the fitful flashings of hot anger,  
And then the sullen sinking of despair,  
Such as we now behold. My lord and husband,  
I do beseech you, pity this poor King!

DAVID.

I would to God that all his enemies  
Devised him not more hurt.

## SCENE III.

JONATHAN.

AND now, oh David, brother of my soul,  
Thou shalt dwell safely in the Tents of Israel.

*Enter DAVID.*

Oh ever welcome ! I rejoiced—but say  
What troubleth thee, and why this dust-soiled garment,  
And why this haste, my David ?

DAVID.

I fled to Naioth in Ramah ; whence I come.  
What is my sin before the King thy father,  
What have I done that thus he seeks my life ?

JONATHAN.

Nay, God forbid. It is not so. Thy fear  
Hath torment, and doth vex thee. He hath sworn,  
Sworn by his sacred word, and sworn to me,  
Thou shalt not die.

DAVID.

Hear me, my brother Jonathan.  
Between his soul and thine there is a barrier ;  
'Tis the strong love thou bearest unto me.  
Thou hast enclosed me thus ; he will not scale it,  
And rudely break the rampart, but he seeks

The stealthier avenue, and leaving thee  
Unscathed, would reach me. No ; neither thy love  
Nor blessing by the holy Prophet given  
Shall save me from his sword.

Thou know'st not all his anger ; it is keen,  
And sweeping onward, gathers power and passion.  
As the Lord liveth, there is but a step,  
Between me and its purpose.

JONATHAN.

How shall I serve thee, David ? straight command me.

DAVID.

The feast of the new moon falleth to-morrow ;  
When at the royal table, in my place  
I should not fail to sit.

By this thou shalt discern thy father's temper,  
And tell it unto me. When he shall miss me  
Then shalt thou say that unto Bethlehem  
Thou did'st permit thy servant to depart ;  
And if it be the King thy father answer  
“ 'Tis well ”—then be it so. If fury move him,  
Then he determines evil. Jonathan !  
Then deal thou kindly with me. Do thou slay me,  
And let the hand, that is to me a brother's,  
Spare me a sharper death blow.

JONATHAN.

See, the night,  
With dim and ponderous clouds that follow fast  
On her star-paven track, reigns in the sky.

Come out. And there, where none but He shall witness,

The silent and the awful God we worship,  
We will exchange our vows. And He shall be  
Between us ever : He, the spirit of truth  
The Lord of love and faith.

DAVID.

Oh Lord of Hosts,  
If of a truth the Prophet did thy will,  
When he did summon and anoint Thy servant;  
Then spare me to fulfil the work of life,  
The royal and the mighty work that waits me  
In Israel's glorious Kingdom.

#### SCENE IV.

JONATHAN *and* Boy.

JONATHAN.

BEAR back the weapons to the City. So—

[*Exit Boy.*]

Let me be left alone, to breathe, to weep.  
Would I were dead ! Alas, the son of Saul,  
A man of grief am I,—a man of grief !  
As mine own soul I loved thee, David ; I,  
The son of Saul. I loved thee with such love  
As by a thousand, thousand leagues, strides over

My Father's hate?—my Father's! nay, not mine;  
He's not my Father,—from those royal loins  
I sprang not! God of Abraham! No, not I!  
Some Shepherd's son, belike. Near to green fields  
And bleating flocks, my mother did conceive me,  
And the same air fed Jonathan and David,  
And love was borne like fragrance on the wind  
Betwixt the children. For when I beheld  
Him first, in Elah's vale, my soul rose up  
As to my brother, and was knit with his.  
How fair thou wert, my brave and comely brother,  
My brother David! Bearing Victory meekly,  
As though it were not thine,—and of a truth,  
It was the Lord's.  
David, come forth! I hear his step—come forth,  
And do not fear to come.

*Enter DAVID.*

*[He bows himself three times to the Earth.]*

JONATHAN.

Arise.

DAVID.

Weep not, my brother Jonathan!

JONATHAN.

Bid me not refrain—

DAVID.

Lo! it is past. We part—

JONATHAN.

And shall I say  
Weep not, my David? Can the flowing rivers  
Of thy deep heart cease flowing? And thine eyes  
Cease to obey? Weep, weep, and let me weep—  
My brother, oh my brother!

DAVID.

Forsake me not,  
Oh God, my rock and fortress! Thou my light  
And my salvation art! Forsake me not!

JONATHAN.

Yea, call upon the Lord. He is the strength  
Of his anointed.

DAVID.

Strike the harp I leave,  
Oh Jonathan! with holy hands, and voice  
Of praise. I must arise, and far away  
From it and thee, from Michal the beloved,  
David must wander. Swear to me, my Jonathan,  
Swear unto me again the solemn vow—

JONATHAN.

The Lord be evermore between thy seed  
And mine, my brother David!

DAVID.

Fare thee well!

## SCENE V.

*SAUL in the wilderness of Ziph.*

WHERE art thou, oh mine enemy? I deemed  
The Lord had here delivered to my hand,  
The spoiler of my peace. Where art thou, David?  
Hated usurper! Weary with baffled search,  
Faint with the strife of passion in my soul,  
I slack not in the speed that shall o'ertake thee,  
Till from thy breast I draw the ambitious blood  
With mine own kingly sword. Not thy bold hand  
Hath yet plucked that from mine. It lives to spurn  
thee

From heights thou canst not win, though with Goliath's  
Thou should'st dispute the way. Hist! what is that?  
A sound as of a harp came on the wind,  
And smote mine ear—a sound of floating music,  
Such as yet haunts my dreams. Arise, my people!  
Come on, my multitudes! The harp of David  
Soundeth afar, he charms the wilderness  
With its delusive strains.



## LAYARD'S NINEVEH.

"I crossed the mountains of Pontus, and the great steppes of the Usun Yilak as fast as post-horses could carry me; descended the high lands into the Valley of the Tigris, and reached Mosul in twelve days."—*Layard*.

THE silent spirit of the ancient Past  
 Moved o'er the face of Babylon's great deep;  
 A mighty sigh heaved his gigantic breast,  
 And broke the fetters of his marble sleep.

He raised his regal brow, and slowly rolled  
 The clouds of ages from its white expanse;  
 Primeval wisdom on that forehead cold  
 Had reigned immortal through the dreamless trance.

A fleet steed's hoofs beat the Assyrian plain;  
 The rider's earnest spirit fleeter flies,  
 And to the emblem-winged god attains,  
 Who meets again the gaze of human eyes.

And over the great wing's gigantic plume  
 Waved the fresh breezes from a younger world;  
 Fresh as the winds that o'er the old Earth's tomb,  
 The surface of the deep dark waters curled.

Touched by a wondrous breath, the dead life stirred :  
The giant ghost, conscious of new-born Time,  
Dim echoes through his shadowy chambers heard,  
And gazed from the dark past, serene, sublime.

And face to face the two worlds silent stood ;  
Reverent before the elder, stood the young ;  
And from that hour, and for all time, a flood  
Of living knowledge poured its tide along.

SIR MARMADUKE AND THE LADY  
ILARIA.

## I.

**I**T is the night in Italy,  
With summer odours faint;  
And softly moves the whispering air,  
As the breath of praying Saint;  
And silence is unbroken,  
And life is lying still,  
And shadows wrap the Roman plain,  
And shroud the Marian hill.

## II.

The Cypresses of Este,  
Against the dark blue dome  
Stand up, like giant sentinels,  
Looking out on distant Rome:  
The fire on the Campagna,  
A faint flame seen afar,  
Like a whisper from the living world,  
'Tells of the shepherd's care.

## III.

A footstep breaks the stillness,  
A heavy measured tread ;  
And one appears, with folded arms  
And bending, thoughtful head.  
He paces the long terrace,  
As if in musing lost ;  
And pauses oft, and lifts his eyes  
Up to the starry host.

## IV.

“ She may offer up a worship  
Perchance as pure as mine ;  
Upon her soul, the light of Heaven  
As graciously may shine.  
She will leave her idol altars,  
Her images and flowers,  
And learn a holier, simpler rite  
In England's grey old Towers.”

## V.

Sir Marmaduke de Mowbray,  
Thus to himself he spoke :  
An English Knight of stalwart form,  
Who had come of noble folk.  
Austere yet honest was he ;  
Of temper firm and proud ;  
And will, that seldom even to Heaven,  
Never to man, had bowed.

## VI.

In the days of his ruddy infancy,  
And of boyhood's boldest glee,  
Eager he listened to tales of old,  
As he stood at his mother's knee ;  
How his great forefathers, mail-clad men,  
Had fought for the Norman King ;  
How the fair maiden, Cunigonde,  
Had won the wizard's ring.

## VII.

And how, in later history,  
In the church's warlike strife,  
They perilled for the holy cause  
Their home, and lands, and life ;  
And how the Lord fought on their side,  
Till they stood reformed and free,—  
Hah ! cried the boy, when I've a sword,  
I'll fight for our church and thee !

## VIII.

And he, when grown to man's estate,  
Did battle in the cause ;  
A stern, and soldier Puritan,  
Zealot to sterner laws.  
And following him, a gentle youth,  
His mother's youngest born,  
Was by the wily enemy  
From his embraces torn,

## IX.

And cast into a dungeon dark,  
To pine away, and die ;  
And brave Sir Marmaduke in vain  
For his release did cry—  
In vain by force, or prayer, he sought  
To win his brother back—  
The boy died. Then he fled abroad,  
With sorrow on his track.

## X.

Sorrow, Revenge, and darkest Hate,  
These followed on his way ;  
Till one calm eve, melting to tears,  
He found a voice to pray ;  
And rising from that holy pause,  
He saw two figures pass—  
A blind youth, led by lady fair,  
Across the dewy grass.

## XI.

That youth, how like his gallant boy,  
In age and form and face,  
When last he met his troubled eye,  
Without the martial grace !  
Of noble bearing, bending slight,  
Afflicted, but resigned ;  
The Lady bore the same contour,  
A sister, fair and kind.

## XII.

And then all through the Knight's cold heart,  
Was sent a burning thrill ;  
He started, for 'twas sudden, strange,  
Unbidden of his will.  
The Lady turned her dark full eye  
Upon him, as she passed ;  
He met its beam on the moonlight air,  
And his pulse beat high and fast.

## XIII.

O what is this, Sir Marmaduke ?  
And why that look of pain,  
As the Lady meekly bends her knee,  
As she passes yon nichéd fane,  
And leaves with filial reverent hand,  
Fresh flowers upon the shrine ?—  
I wot the brightness of her look  
Reproached the gloom of thine !

## XIV.

'Tis three full moons since that sweet night  
Of mingled prayer and love ;  
The Knight has yielded his steel-clad breast,  
Though he long with the victor strove.  
Ofttimes he marvels, and deems it strange  
That joy with his gloom should mate ;  
And he looks around for his comrades old,  
Sorrow, Revenge, and Hate.

## XV.

Something reproachful is in their looks,  
As he sees them at distance stand ;  
Spectres that once were realities,  
A sword in each shadowy hand.  
From their gaze he flies to a Lady's bower,  
Forgets in her smiles the past,  
And the burden of his passionate Hope,  
At her dear feet he cast.

## XVI.

She has breathed farewell to the sacred shrine,  
She has kissed her brother blind,  
She has prayed with tears for a benison  
On the land she leaves behind.  
She sails away o'er the ocean blue,  
The dark Knight by her side ;  
And never on England's sea-girt shore  
Stepped forth a fairer bride.

## XVII.

But there stepped behind, the lurking ghosts  
Of those he had sworn to serve ;  
And he looked with pain on the service stern  
From which he had dared to swerve ;  
Closer they came—and his bride's fair form  
Looked strange to his startled eye,  
She seemed a tempter in angel's form,  
And he looked on her doubtingly.



## XVIII.

She took his hand and smiled full sweet,  
And "Listen to me," she said,  
"Kind heaven forbid one differing word  
"Twixt me, and him I've wed.  
'This land of England is my home,  
'Thy God is also mine,  
But I pray thee, grant me to kneel and pray  
At the blessed Virgin's shrine!"

## XIX.

The quivering tears stood in her eyes,  
Though the smile was on her face;  
But not a word he answered her,  
Nor moved he from his place.  
In that pause there rose a bitter laugh  
On his awakened ear—  
The upbraiding laugh of scorn and jest,  
And the brave Knight shook with fear.

## XX.

And he vowed a vow to the Spirits three,  
With his hand upon his sword—  
Then turned he to his sad Lady,  
Awaiting his answering word.  
He shuddered, and shook off her tender touch,  
And shrank from her pleading eyes;  
"A spirit of evil art thou to me,  
Bedecked in this heavenly guise."

## XXI.

Then did her wondering tears fall down ;  
    " Thou art false to me," he cried,  
" I deemed thou wert mine in soul and hope,  
    But now doth Heaven divide.  
My sword is vowed against thy faith,  
    And never shall it spare,  
No, never, while one altar stands,  
    Though thou wert kneeling there."

## XXII.

Then turned she from her husband stern,  
    And knelt upon the ground,  
" Oh blessed Jesu ! loose the bands  
    With which his soul is bound !"  
And at her pious sorrowing prayer  
    The haunting spirits fled ;  
Alas ! alas ! Sir Marmaduke !  
    Torn heart and conscience bled.

## XXIII.

The air of England was rent with cries  
    Sent up from souls of men ;  
From the battle field of thoughts and words,  
    The war of the sword and pen.  
And noble hands did hold them both,  
    And noble hearts wept sore,  
Because the foes they must meet to-day,  
    Were trusted friends of yore.

XXIV.

The law of love was trampled down  
 And lost in slough of strife,  
 And men, who fought for Christ, abjured  
 The charities of life.  
 Some gentle deeds done in the dark,  
 Some prayers in secret said,  
 Were all that trembling kindness dared  
 Hang on her slender thread.

XXV.

'Twas a dark spot amid great light,  
 A light that was divine,  
 Born first in bondage-breaking souls,  
 Then leaping forth to shine.  
 God grant it long to shine undimmed,  
 And bless these christian lands !  
 Fruit of the glorious struggle, won  
 By heaven-inspired hands.

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XXVI.

It was the night in Italy,  
 The sky was overcast ;  
 No summer-scented air blew soft,  
 But the chill eastern blast.  
 It howled along the terrace broad,  
 It shivered through the pine,  
 And the far bound of plain was seen  
 Like a dim ocean line.

## XXVII.

And the tall Cypress, sighing low,  
    Waved its dark spiral form,  
Wherein the silent nightingale  
    Lay hid, in covert warm.  
No note was heard, no shepherd's call,  
    No fire was seen to blaze,  
And no brave Knight, upon the spot  
    Where once he stood to gaze.

## XXVIII.

But calm within her nichéd fane  
    The blessed Virgin stands ;  
And flowers are fresh upon the shrine  
    Gathered by faithful hands ;  
By one within whose heart of hearts  
    The past was not forgot :  
The winds swept softer as they neared  
    The consecrated spot.

## XXIX.

He knelt before the mother mild,  
    In his soul a purpose strong ;  
His sightless eyes in earnest prayer  
    Were closed, and the prayer was long.  
The haunting moan of sweeping wind  
    The pious stillness broke ;  
Then rose he, and turned to his waiting page,  
    And thus the blind youth spoke :

XXX.

“ Fain would I sail to England’s shore,  
 If thou my way wilt guide ;  
 Long for my sister’s tender voice  
 My weary heart hath sighed.  
 What though they say, in yon strange land,  
 A bitter strife doth rage,  
 None shall lift up an arm to smite  
 The blind boy, and his page.

XXXI.

“ And she will bid us welcome there,  
 In tones beloved of old ;  
 My spirit mounts at the fond thought,  
 My footsteps grow more bold.  
 Away, let us away !—perchance  
 For me, she longeth too ;  
 Dark-visaged was the gallant Knight,  
 That stept between us two !”

XXXII.

“ I’ll go with thee the wide world o’er,  
 To live or die,” as Ruth  
 Unto her mother spake, so spake  
 The page unto the youth.  
 And now on the deserted Fane  
 The flowers lie dead and sere,  
 Though Spring once more with balmy air,  
 Fans the advancing year.

## XXXIII.

Within the grey Cathedral walls  
A holy silence reigns :  
The broad light of the early day,  
Steals soft through tinted panes ;  
Through many coloured windows,  
And one that faced the East,  
Whereon the scene in Cana was,  
Christ at the marriage feast.

## XXXIV.

Solemn and sweet the gleams stole in  
And lit the shadowy aisle,  
Each sculptured angel greeting them  
With a grave hoary smile.  
The cross on the high Altar  
Shone with a sunlike ray,  
Catching the first bright beams that told  
The coming of the day.

## XXXV.

Lo ! yonder, quiet as the light,  
A white-robed Lady glides ;  
She looks around and listens—all  
In silence deep, abides.  
She sees the bright cross gleaming high,  
And holy rapture glows  
In her dark eyes, and gliding on  
She to the Altar goes.

XXXVI.

And kneeling there upon the stones,  
 Her drapery flowing down,  
 With drooping head and clasped hands,  
 She prayeth there, alone.  
 To Jesus and to Mary kind  
 The woman's spirit prayed,  
 And poured its sorrows, till it grew  
 Calm, firm, and undismayed.

XXXVII.

She lingers, bound by holy spell;—  
 But now, upon her ear,  
 What sound has struck like dreadful knell,  
 And pales her cheek to hear!  
 The clash of arms, the measured song,  
 The tramp of soldiers' feet,—  
 "My Church! upon thy hallowed ground  
 I wait my doom to meet!"

So spoke she, and the song arose  
 More loudly, and more clear,—  
 "His voice! his voice! oh mighty Heaven,  
 It is his voice I hear!"

Strike, with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon!  
 Cast down the altars—the Lord, he is King;  
 He who confounded the armies of Midian,  
 Fight we his battles, the Lord, he is King!

Break down the idols ! Let Baalim and Ashtaroth,  
Gods they have worshipped, be trodden in dust ;  
Blow the loud Trumpet, and Heaven in holy wrath  
Strikes for our aid ; in the Lord is our trust.

Shout ! for his right hand hath gotten us freedom ;  
He shall deliver a host to our hand ;  
Sorrow takes hold on the mighty of Edom,  
The Princes of Moab are nought in the land.

XXXVIII.

Sir Marmaduke de Mowbray led  
Five hundred stalwart men ;  
And their deep voices echoed, till  
The old walls rang again,  
They fill the aisles, the voices cease,  
And he his Lady sees,  
Praying before the hated shrine  
Meekly, upon her knees.

XXXIX.

With anger, ay with fury, he  
Bid his armed men fall on,  
“ Cast down the Altar ! ” and to her  
He sternly cried “ Begone !  
Wait not to see your Altar fall,  
Your idols trampled down,  
A moment more and they shall be  
In ruin round you strown.”



## XL.

He spoke, and raised his own broadsword,  
 And smote in its high place  
 The Virgin's image,—then his wife  
 Sprang up, and prayed for grace :  
 “ Forbear, forbear, oh no, not thus,  
 With sacrilegious hand  
 Profane the Temple !—husband—chief !  
 Draw off the unholy band !”

## XLI.

“ Spare not,” he cried, and down he flung  
 The glittering censers all ;  
 And sculptured font, and nichéd Saint,  
 Ruined, around her fall.  
 She shrieked, and clung upon his arm  
 With strong and piteous hold,  
 And strove to grasp his gleaming sword,  
 Eager, and wild, and bold.

## XLII.

He struggled with her white-robed form ,  
 “ A fiend is in thy strength,  
 Daughter of Moab !” still she clung,  
 But her grasp failed at length ;  
 With giant power he shook her off,  
 Back fell she, weak and faint ;  
 And on the Altar's marble step,  
 Lay dead, as sculptured Saint.

## XLIII.

He turned to cheer his eager men,  
Unknowing she was dead ;  
Then looking on her, as she lay,  
He bent his earnest head ;—  
A pang shot sharp into his heart,  
A whisper said, 'tis Death ;  
For ever closed that glowing eye,  
And stilled, that prayerful breath.

## XLIV.

He raised, and laid her body fair  
Upon an old stone tomb ;  
And over it, with his drawn sword,  
He stood in deepening gloom ;  
Three spirits, vanishing in air,  
Now called to him in vain—  
“ Away ! upon my smitten soul  
Ye leave your awful stain ;  
Yet 'twas for thee, oh Lord of hosts,  
For thee I did contend !  
Now let me not, with faltering power,  
Beneath Earth's struggle bend.”

## XLV.

With steady voice he gave command ;  
The work of ruin done,  
The soldiers pause. Sir Marmaduke  
Stands 'mid the wreck alone.

Alone with her, the early dead,  
The broken-hearted bride;  
Sternly he gazed, and shed no tear,  
And grief's soft touch defied.

XLVI.

Strange voices—footsteps hurrying on—  
He starts—and lo! appear  
The faithful page, and the blind youth,  
Who yearned her voice to hear.  
“ Ilaria! my dearest one!  
Why did we ever part?  
Say, art thou here? then speak, and come,  
Come to thy brother's heart!”

XLVII.

“ Not here, not here!” then wildly spoke  
The page, as to his view  
Came the dread havoc, and the death—  
But on the blind youth flew.  
He stretched his arms—“ Ilaria!  
Oh speak, if thou dost live;  
The answer that thou gav'st of old,  
Why art thou slow to give?”

XLVIII.

“ Come hither, boy. She's resting here,  
Thy sister sleeps full sound.”  
“ Hah, Marmaduke! I greet thee fair!  
We meet on holy ground.

Full sound indeed my sister sleeps  
 Who wakes not at my call ;  
 Upon this silent gloom, I ween,  
 Some evil doth befall."

XLIX.

And guided by the leading voice  
 With quick instinctive feet,  
 He neared the tomb, "Howe'er it be,  
 In life or death, we meet!"  
 He cried, and spread his seeking hands  
 And caught the enfolding dress,—  
 "Sleepest thou, sister? wake and rise  
 These longing arms to bless.

L.

"What silent yet, and cold, and still?"  
 His trembling touch he passed  
 Adown her face, and bosom chill,—  
 "Then thus we meet at last!"  
 To her dead face he laid his face—  
 To her dead heart, his heart—  
 One dying wail of agony—  
 Now—never shall they part!

LI.

The Knight looked on their cold repose—  
 The Knight looked on his sword—  
 Strange thoughts came hurrying to his soul ;  
 He spake no sorrowing word.

The good sword's point is inward turned,  
It never missed its aim ;  
And pouring from his pierced side  
The gushing life-blood came.  
“ Oh Lord forgive ! thy righteous cause  
This arm defends no more,  
Unworthy thee—” his heavy fall  
Clashed on the marble floor.

## TO JENNY LIND.

**W**HAT star looked out in the northern sky,  
 What golden star, in its purity,  
 From its fields of azure one rosy morn,  
 Looked out and sparkled when thou wert born?  
     What early bird  
     Was sweetly heard  
 Singing to welcome thee?  
     What pure white flower  
     At that glad hour,  
 Arose to smile on thee?

Did Nature's heart with the tidings thrill?  
 Did the soul of poesy burn and fill?  
 Did music rise with her ancient lyre,  
 And wake for thee her celestial quire?  
     Oh Jenny Lind!  
     Did the loving wind  
 Bear through the world thy happy name,  
     And with loud song  
     And pæan long,  
 Consign it to the everliving care of Fame?

Was there a whisper in the poor man's breast,  
 The whisper of a voice that spoke of rest?  
 Was there a lulling of the sufferer's pain,  
 A calm that said, "thou shalt be healed again—"  
 Was there a smile upon the orphan's face,  
 A gleam of light in poverty's dark place?  
 Did tears fall softer from the widow's eye,  
 And Hope o'er souls forlorn, go glancing by?

Fair child of Genius! thou  
 Dost wear upon thy brow  
 The shining glory of a Christian heart;  
 For thou that better part  
 Hast chosen, and with beauty, beauty blindest,  
 And to the grace of Art, the grace of goodness lendest.

Oh happy Genius, here  
 Within this mortal sphere,  
 Virtue and Love walk with you hand in hand:  
 O happy Virtue, see  
 By your pure chastity,  
 High Art in his immortal beauty stand.

Ring out, voice of the world,  
 And tell it everywhere,  
 Bear your bold banner high unfurled  
 For truth is there—  
 Go, tell it through the Earth,

And tell it through the skies,  
That from this maiden's birth,  
A glory shall arise.  
Virtue and beauty, genius and love, have met,  
And on one woman's life their seal have set.



## CERITO AS UNDINE. 1844.

**S**EE—she comes with airy motion,  
 Bounding, flying, child of ocean !  
 Floating robes, and corall'd hair,  
 Arms of snowy whiteness bare ;  
 Soft feet washed with opal water :  
 'Tis Undine, the Sea-King's daughter.

Now the dance she's wildly weaving ;  
 Now she stands, her bosom heaving,  
 Poised and motionless, and listening,  
 Eye half wondering, gleaming, glistening.  
 Then away, to sport and hover,  
 O'er her captive mortal lover.

Clasp him close, Undine, Undine !  
 It shall not be, as it hath been ;  
 Though the earthly spell is strong,  
 It shall fail and break ere long ;  
 And the new found love shall flee,  
 When the ocean maid shall be  
 Bound to Earth in fatal union,  
 Sweet though now the strange communion.

Wandering through their sparry caves  
Roofed with changing beryl waves,  
Sea-nymphs mourn the lost Undine  
Amid her bowers no longer seen.

They wail and weep

And from the deep

They call her home,

“ Undine ! oh come ! ”

They leave their purple beds

Of sea-weed rare,

And bow their shell-crowned heads

And bind their flowing hair ;

“ Where hast thou fled, Undine,

Our dear delight ?

Is thy young beauty seen,

By mortal sight ?

Seek not the Land,

Here is thy peace,

Pure as these glassy streams

That never cease.

“ Come to the sea-green bower,

Adorned for thee

With gem and glittering oar,

And fairy tree.

The music-breathing shell

All silent lies ;

Till thou awake and swell

Its harmonies.

Here is the coral crown  
Thy hair to deck ;  
And soft pearls once thine own,  
To wreathe thy neck ;  
And here the azure dress  
Dyed in the wave,  
Who for thy loveliness  
His colours gave.  
Oh come, Undine, we mourn,  
And fill thy crystal urn  
With our fast-falling tears,—  
And ocean murmuring, hears,  
And calls thee home ;  
Come then, oh come !”

Vainly they call. Look where she stands, amazed ;  
In startled action, with her white arms raised,  
And eyes fixed on a phantom shape that falls  
Beside her, as she treads those earthly halls !  
To mortal lover given, the sea-born maid  
Bears with her now a mortal body's shade ;  
Faithless, ah faithless to her purer birth,  
Her spirit form is now a thing of Earth.

She knows it not, she darts away—  
It haunts, it tracks her fearful way—  
She bounds, she flies, in wild despair,  
But still she sees the shadow there.

It takes her form, it mocks her grace,  
It hunts her steps in equal chase.  
And now her fear is all surprise—  
She pauses, turns, nor longer flies ;  
Then upward with elastic bound  
She springs, and leaves it on the ground.  
One moment only—child of ocean,  
Lost in maze of airy motion,—  
'Tis in vain, thou art not free,  
The shadow still must follow thee ;  
Till the mortal spell is broken,  
Till the last farewell is said,  
Till the welcome home is spoken,  
And the sea-nymphs crown thy head.

“ Dentro a gli occhi suoi ardeva un riso,  
 Tal, ch'io pensai co'miei toccar lo fondo  
 Della mia grazia, e del mio Paradiso.”

*Dante.*

**T**URN, oh turn and look upon me,  
 Bend on me those beaming eyes ;  
 In whose depths refined and fervent,  
 All Affection's language lies.

There it seems, that mine discover  
 Something hidden, undefined,  
 Felt along my mortal being,  
 “ Passing to my purer mind.”

Speak to me those words so silent,  
 Yet so eloquent and dear ;  
 Though no voice shall break the silence,  
 All the listening soul shall hear.

For my weary heart has thirsted,  
 In the dim and dreary night,  
 And through days, while we were parted,  
 For that thrilling glance of light.

Loved on Earth ! oh if in Heaven  
It is ours again to meet,  
May it be that glance of kindness  
That my seeking soul shall greet.

## A WATERFALL.

**S**ECRET, shadowy waterfall,  
 In the green glen hidden,  
 Singing, as you roam along,  
 Your sweet "hymns unbidden;"  
 Not with mighty rush and roar,  
 But with gentlest feeling,  
 You along your chosen way  
 Quietly are stealing.

On your margin green, the heather  
 And the harebell deck the grass;  
 Laughing as your wooing waters  
 Kiss the sweet bud as they pass;  
 And the breeze's softest sighing  
 Seems almost to do you wrong;  
 Blending semitones of sadness,  
 With the spirit of your song.

Like the sweetest life of woman,  
 Is your happy hidden flow;  
 Woman, in her home's calm shadow,  
 Where her flowers of blessing grow;  
 Where she sings her songs of gladness,  
 Pours her love, and weeps her tears,  
 Murmurs prayers, and glancing heavenward,  
 Steals into the vale of years.

Ballahulish, 1848.

# SPRING FLOWERS.

**A**S the sound of her coming footstep,  
 When the beloved draws near,  
 As the rush of her silken garment  
 Is to the fondest ear—

As her white hands' graceful movement,  
 Ere 'tis our own dear prize ;  
 As her tender and silent blushing,  
 And the breath of her happy sighs—

As the smile on her lips so lovely,  
 Ere they are ours to kiss,  
 Ere we can clasp her closely,  
 And hold her in perfect bliss—

So do ye, gleaming flow'rets,  
 Seem to my longing gaze,  
 Heralds of coming beauty,  
 And promise of fuller days.

Filled with expectant gladness,  
 Receiving with rapture fond  
 The present delicious moment,  
 We look for a joy beyond.



## TO E. M. SINGING.

SING on, sweet voice, sweet soul, in thee  
 Music I hear, I feel, I see;  
 Upon thy lips and in thine eyes,  
 The Poets' music breathes and dies:

Breathes in impassioned strains; and dies  
 With blissful fall in mellow sighs,  
 Then wakes again, and joyous pours  
 Melodious song, and upward soars,

Upward, aspiring. Yes, sing on!  
 The heart is touched—the goal is won;  
 We feel the deep responsive thrill,  
 Thou lead'st us captive at thy will.

But not alone we own in thee  
 The magic of thy minstrelsy;  
 A higher charm, a purer grace,  
 A loftier power in thee we trace.

The duteous life, the steadfast mind,  
 Gentle yet strong; firm, yet refined;  
 Content its destined way to go,  
 Yet never lingering below.

Oh happy thou, who canst aspire,  
And cherish the celestial fire  
That oft consumes ; but thus, in thee,  
Must subject and not sovereign be.

And happy thou, to whom is given  
On duty's path, the light of Heaven ;  
Go on thy way, go, and rejoice,  
Sing on, sing on, sweet soul, sweet voice !

## HOLIDAYS.

“ Float near me ; do not yet depart,  
Dead times revive in thee ! ”

*Wordsworth.*

**W**HAT scent was it that from the shrubbery  
Stole forth, and then low whispering of the  
past,  
Floated away, leaving a vision rising  
Straight in my path ? For there I saw two children,  
In days of scented summer-holiday,  
Walk hand in hand among the Jessamine,  
Among the bowers of sweet Syringa, plucking  
The snow-white blossoms ; smelling the Sweet Briar,  
Reaching on tiptoe to the Lilac boughs ;  
Weaving the gold Laburnum into wreaths,  
Starred with the crimson Polyanthus flowers.  
I saw the smiles,—delicious smiles—that played  
Upon the face of angel infancy ;  
Smiles, the young dawning of deep love for her  
Who poured her treasures in the lap of childhood,  
Sweet Mother Nature ! she who “ never did  
Betray the heart that loved her.” Kindest Mother !  
Leading her children forth from joy to joy,  
Among the summer odours.

## TO MRS. JOANNA BAILLIE.\*

**S**WEETER than steals the evening's shadowy hour  
 To listening lover in the woodland bower,  
 Softer than whispering wind at fall of night,  
 Or farewell glimmer of departing light ;

\* On reading her beautiful Song :

Oh welcome, bat and owlet gray  
 Thus winging low your airy way !  
 And welcome moth and drowsy fly,  
 That to mine ear come humming by !  
 And welcome, shadows dim and deep  
 And stars that through the pale sky peep !  
 Oh welcome all ! to me ye say  
 My woodland love is on her way.

Upon the soft wind floats her hair,  
 Her breath is in the dewy air ;  
 Her steps are in the whispered sound  
 That steals along the stilly ground.  
 Oh dawn of day, in rosy bower,  
 What art thou to this witching hour ?  
 Oh noon of day, in sunshine bright,  
 What art thou to the fall of night ?

*Fugitive Verses.*

More beautiful than these, more still, more sweet,  
Life's silver Evening lures thy gentle feet,  
Lady revered ! and guides thee on serene,  
Leaving bright traces where thy steps have been.

For holy is the light that on thee stays,  
The lingering glory of the sunset rays ;  
Bright were the rising beams, the noonday glow,  
More blest and calm the chastened radiance now.

They who like thee have served, may " stand and  
wait,"  
In silent hope, without the golden gate ;  
High hast thou soared, yet cherished on thy flight  
The humble heart, the purpose aimed aright.

All mortal homage, and the Poet's crown,  
Meekly, yet nobly worn, thou layest down ;  
Clothed in the Christian's garb of faith and love,  
Stands thy pure spirit, meet for joys above.

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## VISIONS.

\* \* \* "in presence of that spiritual eye  
That aids or supersedes our grosser sight—"  
*Wordsworth.*

**O**H for a power to grasp the hurrying thoughts  
That rush tumultuous through my wildered  
brain,  
To fix the cloudy visions as they pass,  
Ere thus they mingle in confusing pain !

Lighting the gloom, I see a Seraph's face,  
With eyes of earnest beauty bent on mine ;  
On the broad forehead and the flowing hair  
Warm softened beams of heavenly radiance shine.  
It meets my gaze—but ah ! the lips are fire !  
And words are dying on the flaming breath ;  
And all within the noble brow conceived,  
Finds in expression but a burning death.  
Oh strange and horrible ! tell me, is this,  
This, the sad emblem of aspiring mind ?  
And is it thus that thoughts, born in the brain,  
Their grave on the consuming lips must find ?  
And noble images, that we would give  
To life in language, never there shall live ?

I fly the seraph face, but it pursues me,  
Its light is shining as I urge my way ;  
Those lips of fire upon the air are breathing,  
Those golden tresses on the night-wind play ;  
And ever and anon the beaming eyes  
Fix upon mine their dark beseeching gaze,  
And seem to question ; but no voice nor sound  
Pierces the stillness.

O'er a wide moor, upon whose shaded space  
The western sky had left a parting beam,  
I fled, and with me fled the seraph face ;  
Still, still I saw its wild unearthly gleam ;  
When lo ! a steed before my pathway stood,  
A stately steed, with no caparison ;  
None but his fiery eye and flowing mane,  
And the proud blood that swelled his throbbing vein.

And away o'er the moor,  
Whose darkened floor  
Echoed the tread  
Of his feet, we fled.  
Like the speed of light  
Our bounding flight,  
Away to the west,  
Where the crimson breast  
Of the dying day  
On the dark earth lay,  
And whispered of rest.

And around us gathered  
The shades of night,  
And amid the stillness  
Of sound and sight  
The Courser paused  
In his bounding flight,—  
'Twas but a moment : a flash and a breath,  
Like the sword and word of a fiery death,  
Crossed his dim path, and away he sprang,  
Like the battle-horse to the trumpet's clang.

'Twas the same, the same !  
The gleaming eyes,  
And the lips of fire  
On the gloom arise—  
And the courser flung back his crested head,  
And neighed aloud in his pride and dread.

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Who, thus asked my dreaming spirit,  
Who, upon that lone rock stands,  
High above the billows dashing,  
Seen, not heard, upon the sands ;  
High in stony solitude,  
Higher than where Eagles brood ?  
'Tis the sculptured form of Silence ;  
Hewn in marble grey and cold,  
Doomed for ages past and present,  
Here, his changeless place to hold.



In this dim region voice or sound  
Is never heard, but round and round  
Sweep the wild winds, when from the sky,  
To meet this air of Death, they rush to die.

Wild as the tempest, so the Sea  
With passionate roar, eternally  
Sends up its troubled thunder, and it dies  
Fainter than fainting maiden's timid sighs ;  
For never blast of wind nor sea may dare  
To come within the solemn spell-bound air.

Borne upon a viewless pinion  
Flew my spirit through the gloom ;  
As I questioned, every accent  
Mute and soundless, found a tomb.  
Then oppressed with dread and silence,  
Fearfully I shrieked aloud ;  
But the dumb shriek, dead and powerless  
Fell into its airy shroud.

Heavy vision, dull and soul-less !  
Pass, and let me see beyond ;  
Wandering Spirit, all unfettered,  
Steal from dreams the fairy wand,—  
Touch the eyes of sleep with magic,  
That shall make him start, and see  
Rainbow colours on his darkness  
Breaking forth to welcome thee.

Now, what now ? A Hall of glory !  
Do I move in Earth or Heaven ?  
Place like this in dream or story,  
Never to our sight was given.  
'Tis a Hall o'er-arched with beauty,  
Sunset skies of purple light,  
And the dome, of mellow opal,  
Wreathed with clouds of crimson bright.

And its walls of lofty measure,  
Towering up from floor to sky,  
I behold, with wondering pleasure ;  
Trees they are, both rare and high.  
Trees that make a shadowy softness,  
Not, though forest-thick, a gloom ;  
Catching on their waving summits  
Golden gleamings, like a bloom.

And the floor, a carpet emerald,  
Gemmed with flowers of richest hue ;  
Violets in the sunset shadows  
Bathed in tints of deepest blue ;  
Lily white, and amaranth stately,  
Roses, such as poets love ;  
And all sweets that blossom gaily  
In the summer-breathing grove.

And the vista—softly closing,  
Lofty trees approaching so,

Like a window, columned lightly  
With the upward-springing bough,—  
Showed beyond a river flowing  
Onward till 'twas lost to sight,  
In silvery silence through a landscape  
Bathed in Evening's dewy light.

Sudden, music stirs the air ;  
Music solemn, like a prayer ;  
Solemn, but not sad, and clear,  
Angels' voices coming near !  
Up, into the sunset sky,  
Up it mounts, and swells on high ;  
High and higher, all around,  
Till the place is filled with sound.

And within this hall of beauty  
Glorious forms begin to come ;  
Voices whisper—" Favoured mortal,  
This the Poets' blissful home.  
Come, approach ; with awful pleasure  
Look on their immortal forms ;  
See how glorious now the frame is  
That the ethereal spirit warms.  
If thy soul be nourished truly  
With the food it feeds upon,  
And if it remember duly  
All the knowledge it hath won—

Then approach ; let mental vision  
Recognize each Poet's form ;  
Theirs who sang on Earth melodious,  
Theirs who shouted through the storm.

Now with eager wishful glances,  
I approach and straight behold ;  
With the gods of song I mingle,  
On my breast my arms I fold.  
Bows my soul in silent homage,  
As they pass me slowly by,  
For the name of each was written  
In the language of his eye.  
As the stars in glory differ,  
So these stars, (that once were set  
In our earthly Heaven, above us,  
Gazed on when our eyes were wet  
With passionate tears of aspiration,)  
Shone in separate glory yet.  
This, an orb of gleaming splendour,  
This a milder, steadier light—  
This, oh Heaven ! both calm and radiant,  
His, whose was not mortal sight !  
Through the eyeballs, dark no longer,  
Inward conscious vision streams ;  
Paradise regained, is spoken  
In their upward-glancing beams.

Ah! I faint, with awe I tremble!  
Guard, support me, Angels dear!  
Ye, who bade me dare to enter,  
Lend your strengthening presence here!  
There is one who cometh yonder—  
I would look upon his face—  
Bear me yet—he cometh nearer,  
All the poet now I trace!  
All the subtle, wondrous meaning,  
Flashing from the dark grey eye;  
And the illumined meditation,  
And the deep philosophy,—  
All the harmony and beauty  
Of the Poet's soul, are here;  
His, who wandered o'er Life's ocean,  
With "the Ancient Marinere."

Yet a little space—there, further,—  
'There I see a man who kneels,  
Worshipping, and wrapt in worship;  
A thin hand his face conceals.  
Now, it is withdrawn an instant;  
Now I see him look above;  
In that look a holy rapture,  
Full of prayer and full of love!  
He hath found his God, and glory  
Doth encompass him around;

Him the strong, the wild, the tender,  
Once in bonds of darkness bound.  
God, the Father of the Saviour,  
Strikes the fetters off his soul,—  
Through its unlocked channels sweeping,  
Faith's clear waters freely roll.

\* \* \* \*

## LAST WORDS.

**I**T was the Spring.  
 Fair fell the dropping boughs with early flowers,  
 A dewy weight of bloom and fragrance. Pleasant  
 The evening call of birds, and sound of rills  
 Hid in deep woods. Beneath a canopy  
 Of ancient elms that stretched their avenue  
 In long perspective, walked two beings; silent;  
 Unutterable woe no words could frame.  
 Grown old in love, not years, and tottering  
 With feeble step, on youthful limbs. How was it?  
 For he loved her; and she—she did not love,  
 She worshipped, she adored. How was it then?  
 There was a law against it; not of man,  
 A law of God. Exiled, they looked behind,  
 And saw an Angel with his flaming sword  
 Keeping their garden of Eden, into which  
 They never more must enter. Side by side  
 They trod the green earth still; and stars came out,  
 And night crept on; and still in silent anguish  
 Life hung on Life, and soul on soul, unparted.  
 And last he spoke. The pent-up spirit burst,  
 And rolled its gathering tide of passionate thought  
 Over her sinking consciousness. “But now,

Knowledge entire hath taken the place of hope,  
And all is over. Better die than swerve,  
Or loose our hold upon the golden cord  
Whose end is tied in Heaven. Ay—better die.  
Oh God, how sweet were death! Through a long life  
We must toil onward; a long weary life:  
Long, did I say—and weary? Nay, not so!  
Look on me—nay! we may not die of grief,  
And like faint-hearted swimmers on the ocean,  
Sink baffled and confounded. We must earn  
New strength in combat. Though the waves be  
strong,

We must be stronger. We must rise, and live,  
Live our long life, win our sweet death,—and live  
Again, for ever; and this hour shall meet us  
Crowned with a solemn glory, and the angel  
Of its sad presence now, shall save us then.  
Look up, beloved and blessed one! I give thee  
To God and duty." With these words he clasped her  
To his hot throbbing breast, whereon her head  
Dropped fainting, for an instant. Then she rose,  
And turning from him, took her lonely way.



AFTER READING "THE RECREATIONS  
OF CHRISTOPHER NORTH."

CHRISTOPHER North !  
Through the sweet Poet-land we've walked with  
thee,  
By the lake side, o'er mount, and grassy lea,  
With joyous feet  
Met the young Morn, and hailed her Hebe smile,  
Or marked Eve's parting hues on fair Belle-isle,  
Still led by thee.

On, further on, into the Forest deep,  
Where old Sylvanus and the Dryads sleep,  
We went with thee;  
Till on the solitude a breath of gloom,  
For one dark moment whispering of the Tomb,  
Swept o'er the soul.

We were beside thee when thy startled eye,  
Flashed from the calmness of its reverie,  
From dreams of Heaven,  
And mysteries untold,—to see the Deer  
From hills of storm pursue his wild career,  
Through the green gloom.

We stood with thee upon that forest glade,  
Marked the blue violet nustling in the shade ;  
And then, with thee  
Followed the onward guidance of the stream  
Till all around us glowed the open beam  
Of sunny air.

We have been with thee in the halls of mirth,  
And sported with thee round thy father's hearth ;  
Or wept with thee,  
As the soft memories crowding on thy brain,  
Gave to imagination power again,  
To see that home.

We have risen with thee on thy powerful flight,  
When thought pierced boldly to the realms of light ;  
And when thy mind,  
Like " the sun-starers," when they cleave the sky,  
Sustained its course, nor turned its dauntless eye  
From the full blaze.

We have been with thee—it is over now,  
And thy rich spirit with its fervent glow,  
Guides us no more ;  
Here the dumb book, which we in sorrow leave,  
Fails in its sympathy, and cannot grieve  
With us, at parting !

## THE LADY AND THE YOUTH.

“ E par che della sua labbia si muova  
 Un spirto soave, e pien d'amore,  
 Che va dicendo all'anima : sospira ! ”  
*Dante.*

**T**HE youth sat at the Lady's feet,  
 And upward gazed, her eyes to meet ;  
 Her pensive eyes of loving light,  
 Beneath her tresses dark as night.  
 The calm of passion, silent, deep,  
 Too sad to smile, too blest to weep,  
 Entranced his gaze, and held his soul  
 Breathless beneath its still controul.

Breathless he gazed. His spell-bound heart  
 Beat heavy with convulsive start ;  
 His speechless prayer she sees, she hears,  
 And in her answering eyes are tears—  
 And thronging hopes, new born and dim,  
 Are dawning, fluttering, over him ;  
 And bright'ning, flashing, quick and warm,  
 Enfold in light that worshipped form,  
 Her form of beauty—that appeared  
 Once to his eyes, divinely sphered,—

Hath it stooped down from Heaven, the star  
As yet beloved, adored, afar?

No voice—yet all the answer rang  
Like music through his soul. He sprang  
Up to his feet, his hands he clasped,  
For power of thought, of utterance, gasped—  
A cry of rapture rent the spell,  
And fainting at her feet he fell.  
Then bending from the queenly throne  
That love and beauty placed her on,  
She whispered to the panting youth  
Melodious words of love and truth.

Hers, not the maiden's dimpled cheek,  
On which the dawning blushes break;  
Nor hers the flitting lights that fly  
Around the glance of girl-hood's eye;  
But all the winning charms that wait  
On womanhood's serener state,  
Spoke in each gesture, smile, and tone  
And breathed a spirit all their own.  
Years had looked on that lovely face,  
Nor paled its hue, nor stolen its grace;  
And time along her form's fair lines  
Had passed the hand whose touch refines.

## DEATH IN SLEEP.

UP through the solemn skies  
Moonlight above the world,  
See a pale form arise  
With sable wings unfurled.  
Night's shadowy angel bears,  
Away, a new-born soul,  
To the high bliss of Heaven  
Where years eternal roll.

Here on this lower earth  
As if still wrapt in sleep,  
Lies that, which once within,  
The prisoned soul did keep :  
Its house of clay, once fair,  
Through which it looked and smiled,  
And shed its rays of love,  
Benignant, warm, and mild.

Often in hours of pain,  
This weary body pined ;  
But the soul struggled on,  
Its homeward way to find.

God in his mercy saw,  
And bade the struggle cease;  
And sent, to bring the soul  
His silent angel, Peace.

She hovered o'er the couch,  
And Sleep and Death were there,  
And Death, the victor, gave  
The soul into her care.  
Over the mortal part  
Alone he held his sway,  
And there in his dread power  
So tranquilly it lay,  
That Death in pity took  
The gentler form of sleep,  
And to its aspect gave  
Tranquillity more deep.

“ But oh the heavy change now thou art gone,  
Now thou art gone, and never must return !”  
*Milton.*

**O**H when they laid thee in the dust  
I thought my heart would break ;  
I prayed to God to help me then  
For Jesus Christ’s dear sake.

My soul refused the dreadful thought  
Of thy deep lonely rest ;  
A shroud so dark for that dear head,  
Once pillowed on my breast.

Not even in that grievous hour,  
When closed thine eyes in death,  
When o’er thy couch I hung in vain  
To catch the parting breath—

Not even on that dreadful day,  
Seemed it so sad to part,  
As then, when from my mortal sight  
For ever hid thou wert !

I prayed to God to help me then,  
He listened to my grief,



And through the storm, the holy Dove  
Flew, bearing blest relief ;

And nestled on my heaving breast,  
And spread its brooding wings ;  
And solemn peace came entering in  
With heavenly communings ;

With thoughts of thy immortal soul,  
No longer pent in clay ;—  
Joyful I hailed the Comforter,  
And rose, and took my way.



## A DREAM.

**I** DREAMT thou didst not love me. Oh, what  
anguish

Wrung my sad heart, as on thy face I gazed !  
Heard the cold tone, saw the cold eyes averted,  
To which in fond beseeching, mine were raised.

I dreamt that thou, with altered voice, reproached me,  
And sharply fell thy words upon mine ear ;  
And in my breast arose the bitter feeling,  
The blighting knowledge, that I was not dear.

It seemed as though that moment, all the fountains  
Of joy within my soul, to ice were turned ;  
And chilly silence, and despairing sorrow,  
Entered where love had once so brightly burned.

It was as if upon the blushing Spring-time,  
The freezing winter laid his death-cold hand,  
And hushed the melodies, and checked the beauty,  
And bound young Nature in his iron band.

In silent anguish, o'er my poisoned slumber,  
I felt the pressure of the cruel dream ;

And woke to question why 'twas sent to grieve me,—  
Oh why, beloved one, why thus altered seem?

Is it because thy spirit far above me,  
Is all too pure to mingle with mine own,  
'That bound to earth too strongly, does not seek thee  
In the clear heaven of holiness alone?

But do not thou forsake me! Lead me upward,  
Nearer to thee, and nearer to our God:  
Ah, if the light of thy dear love desert me,  
Cheerless I faint upon my earthly road.

## DULCIBEL.

**D**ULCIBEL is singing low,  
 And her steps are soft and slow ;  
 Softly, carefully they go,  
     Voice and step together.

Off her brow the shining hair  
 Is thrown away ; and pale and fair,  
 Parted locks, and forehead bare,  
     Woo the wind and weather.

Dulcibel is loved and blest ;  
 Singing she smiles, and is at rest,  
 Nursing in her gentle breast,  
     Love and Peace together.

Innocent is Dulcibel  
 Of all beside ; but she can tell,  
 That her loving God doth dwell  
     In yon Heaven above her.

Silver mist of summer morn,  
 Veiled the Earth when she was born ;  
 And her life the cloud has worn,—  
     A soft transparent shadow.

Like a wandering, wondering child,  
She glides along ; holy and mild,  
Breathing sweet words and music wild,—  
Dulcibel, the dreamer.

TO C. M. P.

**T**HE birds fly high, and the happy sky  
Is blue, without a cloud ;  
The winds are still, and Snowdon's hill  
Throws off his airy shroud.

On the Elwy river the soft lights quiver,  
As it sweeps from shade to sun ;  
Through the valley green in joy serene,  
Its silver waters run.

With thee, dear child, a ramble wild,  
We'll take by mead and stream ;  
Spring's varying face, her flying grace,  
Flit through the gladsome gleam.

In thy pure eyes, a bright surprise  
Answers to Nature's joy—  
Come, come away, and this sweet day  
In pleasure we'll employ.

## OUR GARDEN.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE, FOR A LITTLE FRIEND.

**F**AR from cities and from strife,  
 Here we pass our rural life ;  
 Here, enclosed in mountain nook,  
 Read we Nature's varied book.  
 Here our garden's flowery ground  
 Spreads a loved enchantment round ;  
 Lawn and stream and fountain clear,  
 Yew tree's shade, in summer dear ;  
 Border trim, and Terrace walk,  
 Where we stroll, or sit and talk,—  
 And the winding ways that lead  
 To the woods or to the mead,—  
 Oh this pleasant garden ground,  
 What a charm it spreads around !

Here, the Rhododendron bed  
 Shows in Spring its brilliant red ;  
 Rich and rare, of Eastern birth,  
 Nursed in our ambitious earth ;  
 There, beside the murmuring brook,  
 Azaleas light and lovely look ;

Daphne's fragrance scents the air,  
And their stems the Lilies rear.  
Here are pinks so small and sweet,  
Flower mine eye delights to greet,—  
Favourite flowers! a gift to me  
From one we never more shall see.

Roses spread their welcome bloom,  
And their own unique perfume;  
Sulphur pale, and blush, and white,  
Damask, moss, and crimson bright:  
Roses, how we love them all,  
Fairy low, and climber tall!  
Grey old gable, wreathed with these,  
Standing out 'mid sheltering trees,  
Dons his summer coat, and wears  
Gayer smiles with growing years.

Seated in our Laurel bower  
Where Clematis her starry flower  
Mingles with the shining leaves,  
And wild Hop its garland weaves;  
Here we muse, and catch the light  
Straying o'er the garden bright,  
'Through branches dark of ancient Yew,  
Of stately growth, and sombre hue,—  
We hear the birds from shady bough,  
Chaunt their music sweet and low;

On the Fir-tree's spiral height  
See the shining blackbird light,  
Straining his expansive throat,  
With that long delicious note,—  
And I think, no miser's gold  
Clutched within his eager hold ;  
Student's hard-won, longed-for prize,  
Spread before his weary eyes ;  
Fame and state and fair success,  
All the world calls happiness—  
No, nor Izaak Walton's love  
For his darling banks of Dove ;  
The Poet's for his Poplar Trees,  
When he woo'd the summer breeze,—  
Could be pleasure half so sweet  
As we within our garden meet.



## SONG.

“ Another gay girland  
 For my fair Love, of lilies and of roses,  
 And let them make great store of bridal posies;  
 And let the ground where as her feet shall tread  
 Be strowed with fragrant flowers all along.”

*Spenser.*

**F**LOWERS, that grace my woodland way,  
 In this tender month of May,  
 Gleaming deep in shadowy dell,  
 Wreathing wild o'er mossy well,  
 Tell me, Flowers, did you chance  
 From blue eyes to catch a glance?  
 Deep blue eyes of gentle maid,  
 Wandering through the fragrant shade?  
 They are beauteous as your own:  
 Tell me where my Love has flown.  
 She is mine, my chosen bride!  
 Deck her path with haste and pride;  
 Flowers, give out your scent and beauty,  
 For my Love I claim your duty.

Yellow Daffodil and Violet,  
 Purple as the falling eve;

Primrose, for whose timid bosom,  
Dewy-fingered fairies weave  
Web and veil  
Of tissue pale ;  
Now upon my true-love's breast  
Ye shall bloom and take your rest ;  
And her fond heart's blissful sigh  
Shall softly soothe ye when ye die,—  
Flowers, give out your scent and beauty,  
For my love I claim your duty.

Fair Anemones, that shiver,  
As the viewless wandering wing  
Of vernal wind, with airy quiver,  
Pauses, lightly hovering ;  
Hyacinth, cerulean blue,  
Drooping ever, fondly true  
To the hour that marked your birth,  
Weeping when you rose from earth,—  
Bright-eyed sunny Pimpernel,  
That the Shepherd loveth well—  
Oxlips, Cowslips, budding Roses,  
All that shine in vernal posies,—  
Flowers, give out your scent and beauty,  
For my love I claim your duty ;  
She is mine, my chosen bride !  
Deck her path with haste and pride.

## THE MARGUERITE.

*She, standing with her back to her swain, and pulling  
a daisy to pieces.*

**H**AH! on this leaf is an ugly spot!  
He loves me—he loves me not—  
Now Marguerite! you tell me true,  
You heard Love's wing as away he flew!

*He.* Have nothing to do with the Marguerite,  
She's false as moonlight, and loves deceit.

*She.* The Marguerite is more true than man:  
She lived in peace, till the sun began  
To teaze her heart with uncertain ray;  
Yet she turns to him, till she fades away.  
Silly thou art, oh Marguerite!  
Trust him not—for he loves deceit!

*He.* Give me a flower from your bosom fair,  
To tell me a tale of the life that's there.

*She.* [*turns to him*] A tale forsooth! and a pretty  
flower!  
You make your wine when the grapes are sour!

Nor the tale, nor the flower, you shall have from  
me,  
Though you stoop to beg on your bended knee.

*He.* I beg on my bended knee, my dear !  
I cry you mercy—behold me here !

*She.* So, Love-lies-bleeding at my feet !  
Pick up the broken Marguerite —  
And you shall see on her injured face  
Whether or not I will grant you grace !

## CONWAY.

THE virgin Moon is up in state,  
 The sea-waves wear her light ;  
 Their calmly-measured motion breaks  
 The stillness of the night ;  
 Upon the shoulders of the cliff  
 A shadowy pile is borne,  
 The Castle walls are grey with age,  
 Their bold support unworn.

And lonely there, on Conway's tower,  
 Turned to the East his face,  
 The hoary genius of the spot  
 Holds his time-hallowed place.  
 His mantle dusky with the wear  
 Of many hundred years,  
 His aspect firm, his withered eye  
 Dim with old age's tears.

But calm he stood in conscious pride  
 Serene, in silent power ;  
 Wrapt in his thoughtful solitude  
 Waiting the passing hour :  
 The fair moon sunk ; the Watcher still  
 Stood watching for the Dawn ;

And soon across the East beheld  
A band of crimson drawn.

But never Morn was ushered in  
By light so red and bold,  
And never on such air as this  
Night's parting knell was toll'd.  
Not the light step of flowery maid,  
But Thunder's tread was there ;  
And distant shrieks and discord loud,  
Broke on the vaporous air.

Nearer it glows, yon fitful gleam,  
Nearer it comes apace,  
Deeper the hoarsely echoed song  
It sings upon its race.  
It comes, it comes ; a rushing cloud  
Trailing its track of fire,  
And heaving as with inward storm  
Of hurrying desire.

And quietly the grey old Towers  
Looked on—till burning light  
Touched with strange glow the velvet moss  
And the wall-flower on its height ;  
And there the watcher, druid-like,  
Still stood, a dauntless form ;

While round him gathered noisily  
The fiery panting storm.

And through that cloud a vision passed  
Of human hands upheld,  
And brawny arms, that Vulcan-like,  
All that opposed them, felled.  
And from that fire there issued forth  
A shape with flaming wings  
And glowing eyes, and streaming hair,  
And voice that sharply rings :

I am the daughter  
Of Fire and Water,  
Pursuing my iron path  
Ever in haste,  
For my course is chased,  
By the breath of their mingled wrath.

Not in love, but strife,  
They have given me life ;  
I sprang from their grasp in scorn,  
I saw at my birth  
An era for Earth,  
And full armed for my work I was born.

O'er Earth and o'er Ocean  
Triumphant I lead,

The rock's gloomy Cavern  
Has witnessed my speed.  
Vesuvius' Volcano,  
And Snowdon's grey crown,  
On the track of my travel  
Look wondering down.  
Yield then, oh Ancient !  
Thy Lordship to mine ;  
Men's praise and men's wonder  
No longer are thine.  
Fast in the mist of time  
Fades thy faint power ;  
New light bursts around thee,  
Thy empire is o'er.

Quick gathering vapours hid that aged form ;  
'Twas seen no more when passed the insulting storm.  
But nightly when the winds and waves are still,  
And holy silence broods o'er Tower and hill,  
Is heard a chaunted dirge, low-voiced, and sad—  
And seen, they say, a band of mourners, clad  
In amice grey. With ivy wreaths, entwined  
By loving hands, the hoary heights they bind,  
With tender music they invoke the shade  
Of the dead Past, whose glory, lowly laid,  
Shall reign no more, whose high and ancient crown  
By bold intrusive feet is trampled down.  
Watch, ye who sought and loved that beauteous scene



While yet unspoiled it wore its charm serene,  
Watch, wait, and listen. For that spirit band  
Is seen and heard alone, by those who stand  
Silent in loyal love, with saddest pleasure,  
And hearts responsive to the tender measure.  
For you they chaunt their solemn song, while sweet  
The gentle echoes wake the psalm to meet ;  
For you this sunlight of the garish day  
Shall melt in memory's softened light away ;  
And by her " lamp of beauty " you shall see  
The lovely landscape as it used to be.

## TO MY HORSE.

**I**N days of enjoyment, in summer's green bloom,  
 In days of dejection, in winter's dark gloom,  
 Whatever the weather, the humour, the need,  
 A friend I have found in you, gallant old steed !

Is it *old* I am calling you ? Pardon me, Prince !  
 Not true, by bright Phœbus ! though many years since  
 I loved and caressed you, a foolish young thing  
 Just fresh from your school of the rein and the ring.

How many the memories, how pleasant they rise,  
 And some too, that call up the tears to mine eyes,  
 When I think of the days I have wandered with you  
 By the side of beloved ones—the kind and the true.

By some who are parted—and some who have fled  
 From the dear haunts of earth, to the home of the  
     dead,  
 And some in whom centre a living love yet,  
 On whom the proud eyes of affection are set.

Yes, much do I owe you. In hours of distress,  
 You have borne me away, till the burden grew less ;

In dark days of remembrance, while flying with you  
Life seems a fresh dream, and its sorrows untrue.

It partakes of your strength, of your beauty, your fire,  
For spirit is lost on the limbs it can tire;  
But with you it has met the full aid of the strong,  
And carried at pleasure goes bounding along.

When the world presses heavy, and hope, growing dull,  
Lies listless and cold on a heart that is full;  
And courage is failing for deeds to be done,  
For the strife that awaits us, the race to be run;

Then with you I escape to the solitudes high,  
Where the mountain's bold outline sweeps up toward  
the sky;  
To the moorland's brown heather and health-giving  
air,  
And find a new life and encouragement there.

I read on those mountains the name of the Lord,  
And feel His great Presence—the faith of his word;  
Him, glorious and constant in nature behold,  
And the wings of my spirit contented I fold;

And calmly retracing the way to my home,  
No longer I question of days that shall come,  
But welcome the Present—and summer day flies,  
And Evening's pure purple lies soft on the skies.

TO —.

*“ Così dice il tuo core, e poi sospira.”*

**T**HE sunny Springtime dawns amid thy bowers,  
 And Nature glads thine eye with vernal flowers ;  
 The young year's offering, thy loved steps to greet,  
 These fragile buds, low lying at thy feet.

They bloom for thee, and thou with answering smile  
 And kindling eye, dost gaze on them awhile ;  
 With soft voice welcoming the shining day,  
 A moment with the opening flow'rets play.

But for a moment—with a tender sigh,  
 And tears fast starting to thy drooping eye,  
 And pensive step, thou'rt turning from the bloom,  
 And Memory leads thee to a distant Tomb !

Thou mournest,—lift thy sorrowing gaze above,  
 With eye of faith behold a Heaven of love ;  
 Within that Heaven, where Saints serenely dwell,  
 The angel sister loved so long and well.

Thou, in thy bowers on Earth, with dear ones there,  
 She in the blissful shades, more calm, more fair ;

Far, deep, and silent, seems the space between,  
Yet Heaven is near, around us, though unseen.

But grief on Earth must have its way, and here  
Its path is softened by each falling tear ;  
And Love who walks on Earth with bleeding feet  
Shall win his way to rest, more sure and sweet.

Then droop, sweet sister ! droop thy soft dark eye ;  
Thine is the chastened tear, the patient sigh ;  
Such links are blessed, with the world to come,  
They are the silver cords that lead us home.

## THE FAIRY WELL.

**I**N the depths of a shady Forest,  
 By the shores of a sunny sea,  
 Where the waters foam and sparkle,  
     And dance in breezy glee ;  
 In the depths of that shady Forest,  
     But away from the sunny sea—  
 Lay a crystal well, half hidden,  
     In the shade of a birchen tree.

O'er its calmly shining mirror  
     The silvery branches bent ;  
 Through the leaves as they lightly trembled,  
     The flickering sunlight went ;  
 And the water answered truly  
     Each glance of the loving tree,  
 That for years had seen its image  
     Reflected faithfully.

'Twas said that fairy revels  
     Were held on the greensward there ;  
 That the fay-King met his bride  
     And crowned her flowing hair ;

And held the nuptial festival,  
And poured the nectar cup,  
By the well in the shady forest,  
When the chaste young moon was up.

Seldom had mortal footstep  
Profaned the sacred ground ;  
None guessed of its hidden beauty,  
But one, by whom 'twas found.  
She led to that spot another,  
Who clasped her to his breast ;  
And swore by the fairy Fountain,  
That she should be loved and blest ;

That true as the crystal water,  
Reflected the drooping tree,  
So true in the depths of his spirit,  
Her image for ever should be.  
And she listened with trembling gladness,  
And bent o'er the mirror fair—  
And the rose on her cheek blushed deeper,  
As she saw it reflected there.

On the shores of the bounding ocean,  
Stood a lordly castle bold ;  
My story tells of long ago,  
Of the days and deeds of old.

It towered 'mid clustering Olive trees,  
It sheltered the clinging vine ;  
And in its Halls the goblet flowed  
With the ruddy home-pressed wine.

And the Knight of the lordly castle,  
Returned from the far Crusade ;  
Through his home rang shouts of revelry,  
The feast on the board was laid.  
And they hailed his coming loudly,  
And pledged him deep and free ;  
And lauded his martial prowess,  
His faith and his bravery.

But far in a chamber lonely,  
Unheeding the revel loud,  
Her eyes bent down and weeping,  
Sits the child of the warrior proud.  
O'er her shoulders the parted tresses  
Fall down in wavy folds,  
In her listless hand, unheeded,  
Her thrice-told beads she holds.

As the South wind stirs the Jasmine  
That round her lattice creeps,  
She starts, and looks enquiringly,  
And weeps, and still she weeps.



And now she murmurs faintly,  
“ Oh Virgin Mother dear !  
Send thou my lover’s footstep,  
To bless my listening ear.

“ From the far Crusade he comes not ;  
Has he fallen in glorious fight ?  
Or dreading my father’s anger,  
Does he shun his cruel sight ?”  
She asked, but no whisper answered—  
She gazed—but no Lover came ;  
And she sunk to a dreamy slumber,  
On her lips his murmured name.

By the Well in the shady Forest  
The fairy Queen reposed ;  
The eve was softly falling,  
And the eye of Day was closed.  
So she woke the royal bridegroom,  
Who slumbered by her side ;  
And bade him don his fleetest wings,  
And away on the zephyr ride.

“ For we must to the Baron’s castle ;  
The Lady unconscious sleeps ;  
And the world of dreams around her  
Its phantom influence keeps.

Haste, we must weave before her  
A web of the purest light,  
Where the form of her lover, smiling,  
Shall appear to her spell-bound sight."

And away on a floating zephyr,  
Vanished the royal pair;  
And the faintest of fairy flutters  
Was felt on the yielding air;  
It awoke the attendant spirits,  
Who arose to evening play,  
And knew that to bless a mortal,  
They had taken their secret way.

And soon to the eye of the Lady  
Was imaged a vision fair—  
The Well in the shady forest,  
And her Lover in safety there.  
She awoke with a cry of rapture,  
The morning was dawning bright,  
And she rose up in haste, and departed  
With footstep fleet and light.

The blue sea dashes merrily  
Against the castle walls;  
The wassailers rouse them drowsily,  
And the Knight his daughter calls.

But she glides through the dark green Forest,  
The dew on her hasty feet,  
And a smile on her parted lips  
For the Knight she was going to meet.

He stood by the fairy Fountain,  
And his milk-white steed stood by ;  
It lifted its stately head,  
At the voice of her joyous cry.  
And it bore her in gentle triumph  
Back to her castle walls ;  
And the Baron forgave and blest his child,  
A Bride in her father's halls.

## DANTE'S INFANT VISION.

**A**ROUND the Cradle of a little child  
Shone a great light, and the strong infant  
smiled ;

He stretched his vigorous limbs ; with wakened eye  
He faced the beams rejoicing ; in the sky  
A pure white dawn parted the shadowing clouds  
Like bridal garment amid sable shrouds ;  
And there, a wing of gold on azure field  
Appeared to blazon a celestial shield ;  
And nearer, clearer, to the infant's sight  
It floated down upon its track of light.  
It strove to grasp the glowing emblem ; pale  
It grew, and faded ; and a sudden wail  
Rugged and wild, burst from his baby breast,  
Panting, half conscious of its strange unrest.  
But lo ! what soothing balm comes " softly sliding,"  
To Dante's infant vision ? What is there ?  
A dream of Angels o'er his Cradle gliding,  
Bringing from Paradise the odorous air !

A SKETCH FROM "GRANTLEY  
MANOR."

A DAY in Winter, calm and bright,  
Just touched with dawning Spring,\*  
When down within the Coppice grey  
The blackbird dares to sing ;

When on the brown and bursting mould  
The full-blown snowdrops stand ;  
And on the honeysuckle branch  
The early buds expand ;

When wholesome airs blow fresh, and bring  
New health to youth and bloom,  
But touch unkindly pallid forms  
Slow walking to the Tomb ;

On such a day of gladsome life,  
Sweet Margaret Leslie stood

\* " The eldest of the Hours of Spring  
Into the Winter wandering  
Looked upon the leafless wood."

*Shelley.*

Upon the terrace broad, that faced  
Fair Grantley Manor's wood ;

With laughing eye, and curling lip,  
And softly-floating hair,  
And just so much of maiden pride  
As innocence might wear.

And there was one who looked on her  
With deeply-loving heart ;  
Who bore in all her happiness  
His unrebuked part.

" Old Walter,"—with his quiet smile,  
And gentle sober air,  
Looked on his lovely Margaret  
With brooding eyes of care.

" Ginevra is so beautiful !"  
She said, with a fond sigh ;  
" So slender, and so graceful !  
More beautiful than I !"

She looked up to the Holly boughs,  
Bright green and coral red ;  
" I wish I were as tall as she !"  
Sighing again, she said.

And lightly springing to the bough,  
As buoyant as a child,  
" I'm not so little after all !"  
She touched the leaves, and smiled.

In the deep oriel window-seat  
Ginevra sat alone ;  
In the murmur of Spring melodies  
She heard another tone ;

Her soul was lost in tender thought,  
As starlight in the dawn  
Melting ; yet strong to pierce again  
Night's curtain, where 'twas drawn.

" Large tears that leave the lashes bright,"  
Fell from her pensive eyes ;  
Her quiet hands lay on her knees,  
Crossed on dark draperies—

Before a Spirit pure and fine  
These images arose ;  
And on her charmed and glowing page  
Their chequered story flows.

## “CHEERFUL FAITH.”

\* \* “Nor disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings.”—*Wordsworth*.

### I.

**O**H joyful confidence, that makes us glad!  
Ripe fruit of faith! whose first white buds did  
show  
In the soul's spring-time, when with tear-drops sad  
Her soil was watered, and to make them grow  
God's Sun did rise, and shine, and glow  
On his dear Garden here below.

### II.

And now she takes, and of this fruit doth eat  
And by it live; and like a precious wine  
Its penetrating influence, strong and sweet,  
Raises the nourished soul, and joy divine  
Breathes in her life, and by this sign  
All things to blessings doth refine.

### III.

Faith makes of sorrows, comforts; of death life;  
And health, of sickness; and a golden treasure



Of pure delight out of the bitter strife  
With the dark tempter. Here, not without measure  
'Tis given. There, where all good is sure,  
'Tis garnered up, a holy pleasure.

## IV.

Joy is in all things, God hath willed it so :  
The soul by faith sees Him, and feels Him nigh,  
And walks with courage, for she cannot know  
Fear, underneath her Father's sheltering sky ;  
She sees no darkness, shadows fly  
As she lifts up her bold brave eye.

## V.

Quit timorous tears ! your fruitless occupation,  
Or weep for Sin alone. Henceforth with gladness  
We journey on ; and sacred recreation  
Everywhere meeting, we abjure all sadness ;  
For 'twere indeed an idle madness  
To turn away this heavenly gladness.

## PEACE.

" My soul, there is a Countrie  
 Afar beyond the stars,  
 Where stands a winged Sentries  
 All skilful in the wars.

\* \* \* \*

If thou canst but get thither,  
 There grows the flower of peace ;  
 The rose that cannot wither,  
 Thy fortresse, and thy ease."

*Henry Vaughan.*

LIFT me on your pinions,  
 Angel of the Lord !  
 Up to your dominions,  
 Where are never heard  
 Sounds of strife, but peace from the eternal word.

There is woe and danger  
 On this Earth of ours,  
 Where the soul's a stranger,  
 Wandering from the towers  
 Of her immortal strength, into false freedom's bowers.

Lift her, lift her quickly  
 Off her trembling feet !

Mists will gather thickly,  
Tempests round her beat,  
Until she sits with you upon your golden seat.

Light the upper ether  
With your heavenly smile !  
And the cloudy weather  
Of this mortal isle,  
Shall straight be left behind, and all its pleadings vile.

Pleadings of strong passion,  
Pleadings of weak fears,  
Urging to distraction,  
Bending us to tears,  
And all the living pain of these our dying years.

Let her soar above them,  
Dress her in pure white !  
Around her garment's hem  
Weave in threads of light  
The lustre that shall gleam through shades of mortal  
night.

Then each pure emotion  
Rising, shall expand,  
Expand into devotion,  
And ever hand in hand  
With solemn Peace, shall live in the celestial land.

Hither come, oh glorious !  
Soldier of the sky !  
Champion victorious,  
“ Wingéd Sentries ! ”  
And bear to the blest soul the flower that cannot die.

FINIS.



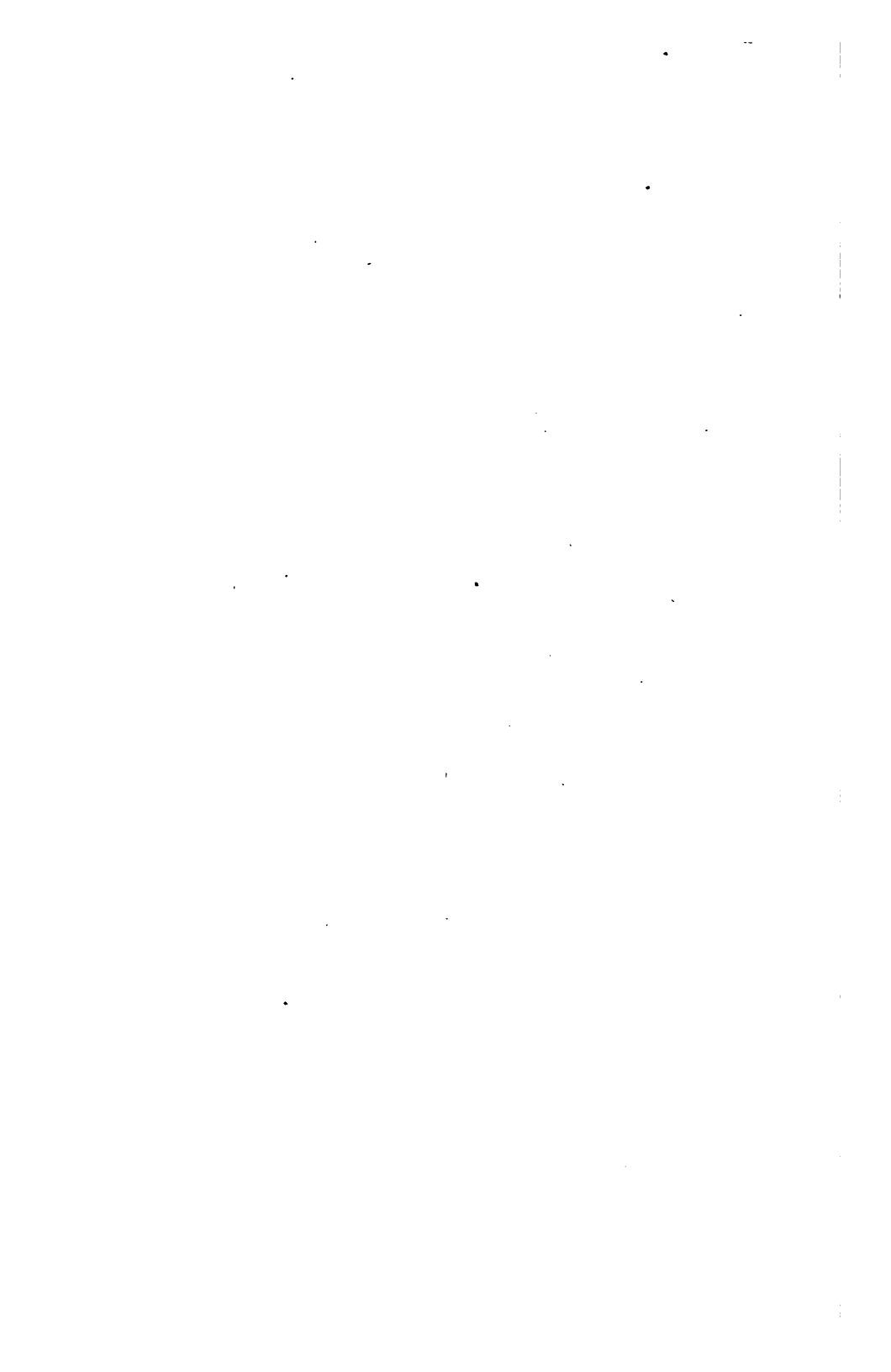
**A U R O R A**  
**AND OTHER POEMS**

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